The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XVIII AUGUST, 1931 No. 8

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18 August, 1931 No. 8

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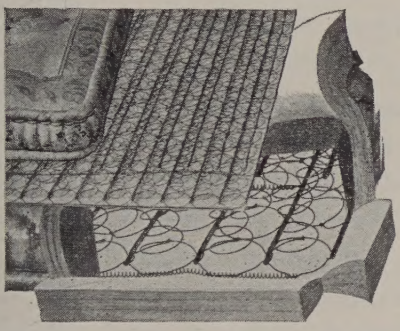

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SALT LAKE CITY

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest

Announcement, 1931

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Two prizes are awarded —a first prize consisting of $20, and a second prize consisting of $10. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine.* Other poems of merit not winning special awards, receive honorable mention. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine,* and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem that it is entered in the contest.

8. The contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

9. Members of the General Board, and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

10. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

11. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

12. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

TREES AND MISTS OF TIMPANOGOS

Courtesy of Dr. Walter Cottam

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII AUGUST, 1931 No. 8

To "Live Happy Ever After"

By Elsie C. Carroll

THE old-time novel used to carry its readers through the sunshine and shadow of the courtship of its hero and heroine, successfully getting them through the various obstacles and misunderstandings of the wooing-time, and up to the altar. Then the book closed with the satisfying statement: "and so they were married and lived happy ever after."

If we judge by the number of divorce cases that are being filed every day, we may logically wonder if they did "live happy ever after." We shouldn't like to regard romance as ending with marriage; rather we like to think of it as really beginning. If that is the case it takes more than a marriage ceremony to assure a smooth sailing sea of matrimony.

Unless marriage is founded upon the right basis, unless the participants understand both the need of keeping that basis sound and the manner of so-doing all the ceremonies in the world cannot assure continuous happiness.

Not long since I was shocked to learn of the divorce of a couple I knew twenty years ago, who at that time seemed ideally mated and more than ordinarily happy. The husband had claimed the divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. My interest in them caused me to do some serious thinking along the line of what it takes to assure continuous happiness in married life.

Later I shall return to the case of my early friends. Now I would like to present what seems to be some of the essentials for happy marriage.

E. H. GRIGGS points out in one of his little volumes on the art of living, that "The little world of personal relationship is always the heart and soul of the larger world of action." It is in our relation to other persons that we experience our highest joy and our bitterest sorrow. There are many phases of personal relationship, but that which binds two people into one, the marriage relation, is the closest of all and can produce as its fruit the greatest good or the greatest evil; it can lead to the heights of bliss or to the depths of misery.

THERE are certain laws or principles upon which this relationship must be based if it is to fulfill

its greatest possibilities. First of all there must be a sound moral quality in both parties to this relationship. Real love and lasting happiness cannot exist if either the man or the woman is lacking in sound moral fiber. This does not mean that a certain degree of love would not maintain even though one or the other of the married couple should develop flaws in character, and serious flaws at that. We are all familiar with cases where a wife has remained true and loyal to a disreputable husband and has stood by him in the most degrading and humiliating circumstances. Love of a certain degree may remain, but certainly not happiness. To insure permanent happinesss, then, one essential element is to build and keep in repair a strong moral character.

ANOTHER element of continuous happiness is that of likeness of personality. That is, in certain fundamental tastes and interests the man and woman must be alike. If one is deeply religious and the other is not, there will be a likelihood of unhappiness. If one loves children and the other does not, happiness cannot be assured. If one is fond of an active social life and the other prefers recreation of the outdoor type, there may be a lack of harmony; or if one deeply loves literature, music, and art and the other sees nothing of value beyond the practical phases of life.

While it is essential that the husband and wife be alike in their fundamental ideals and tastes, they will find greater happiness if they are unlike in many of the minor aspects of personality. If they are alike in the essentials, then the more unlike they are in things that do not matter, the more they have to give to each other.

In one of the happiest homes I know the husband is thoughtful and serious, he has difficulty in expressing himself, and shrinks from social contacts, though he knows that they are important. His wife is lively, has a keen sense of humor, is a splendid conversationalist. Each admires the other for what is lacking in his own personality and they complement each other perfectly.

ANOTHER essential for happiness in married life is what Griggs terms community of experience. It means that the two must share not only the little duties and economies of everyday life, but they must face the more "supreme annunciations of birth, death, joy, achievement, failure"—together. Recently a young man was sent to the penitentary for appropriating funds which did not belong to him. During the trial certain facts came out which indicated that the wife was even more guilty than he. She wasn't facing our present period of depression fairly with her husband. Even though she knew his employer had found it necessary to cut the wage schedule in his company, she made no changes in her expenditures. She still required as much as before for clothing, for marcells and other personal expenses. She made no differences in the kind of food she bought nor in her methods of preparing them. She still expected to be taken to shows and dances and resorts as often as formerly. Because of this lack of "community of experience," a lack of sympathy and understanding which comes from facing together the steep hills of life as well as the sunny valleys, the couple were drifting apart and the young man feeling that it was all his fault because he could not give his wife the things he thought he

should give her, was tempted to steal.

THE law of growth is another essential to permanent married happiness. One writer has said that to keep the love of one's life-comrade, one must win it over again every day. Love must be nourished and cared for as a plant if it is to live and flourish.

An unhappy married man recently remarked that his wife was no more the woman he married than an entirely different person. Perhaps he was just as different from the man she had married. We all change as life goes on. The trouble with this couple was that they had not changed together. They had let their individual differences become more dominant. They had lived under the same roof, but they had less and less as the years went by shared their experiences. They had failed in little sacrifices and courtesies to each other and so their love had died from want of proper care.

LOYALTY is another foundation stone in the happy marriage relation. Loyalty has been defined as holding faithfully to every significant bond established between one's own spirit and another's life. In true loyalty there is no pretense. Love is too precious to be blemished by any element of insincerity. Loyalty means recognizing the worth of another and standing by that other in times of stress as well as in times of ease and pleasure. "Loyalty demands the recognition, with equal frankness, of what is passing, as of what is permanent, in a relationship."

True loyalty was demonstrated by a wife whose husband, not himself because of a temporary physical derangement which was not serious enough, he thought, to cause him to lay off work, became irritated at his employer and said things which cost him his job. Though the situation was serious, the young wife realized that under ordinary circumstances the thing would never have happened. Her husband, disgusted with himself, but too proud to admit he had been at fault, expected only reproof from his wife and was ready to defend his stand at the cost of a family quarrel. To his surprise his wife did not blame him, but tenderly coaxed him to go to bed where he should have been for several days. Later she quietly slipped away and called upon the employer. She made a simple explanation of the situation, neither criticizing nor upholding her husband, but revealing facts the employer was glad to know and showing a type of wifely loyalty which caused him to restore the job to the husband.

PERHAPS, aside from the first law mentioned as essential to married happiness—that of moral soundness—there is none more significant than what has been termed the law of independence of personality. One must be able to stand alone to be worthy of a deep relationship with another life. "The moment one becomes an echo or a satellite of one's friend, the power is lost to give and take friendship. The answer to the need of the spirit can only come through the refreshing meeting with another independent, self-centered personality, able to reach out from that center, and give and receive in the great experiences of life." If this is true of friendships, how much more it is true of the relations between a husband and wife.

In the case mentioned at the beginning of this discussion, the incompatibility which caused the sep-

aration of this once ideally mated man and woman had grown out of a misdirected sense of loyalty on the part of the woman, which finally robbed her as well as her husband of what life promised them. In their youth the girl had been not only exceptionally pretty, but also unusually bright. It was a well-known fact in our little country school that Madge used to help Phil with his English and history lessons. Constantly she was urging him to try for beter grades. Even when they were children she was more interested in his success than in her own.

They were married the summer after their graduation from high school. Madge was determined that Phil should go to college. The parents of neither could help them, but upon her suggestion, they chose a school which offered good pre-medical courses and set out for it. He secured a part-time position as janitor and she assisted their landlady with laundry work and cleaning. After a time she succeeded in increasing her earning power by means of her needle. She was clever at making over children's clothes and by persistent effort worked up quite a little business in this line.

Then she persuaded Phil to devote all his time to studying, since her earnings were enough to pay their bills. They paid only for bare necessities, however. There was no money for pretty clothes, nor for the concerts and lectures Madge would have enjoyed so much. Neither was there enough to pay for an extension class she would have liked to take.

In four years Phil graduated with honors. By that time they had a two year old baby and were expecting another; but Madge was keeping on with her work and she was urging Phil toward his post-graduate course.

Since it would be less expensive for her to stay at home, and since she had now her regular sewing customers, Phil went east to finish his course without her. After three years of regular work and a year's interneship, he returned, a brilliant and polished young physician. Their second child was nearly four years old.

During the immediate years that followed she kept on with her work while he was getting his practice established, going through the so-called "starvation period." During this time two more babies were born.

Gradually Phil became more and more widely known. He was invited to join a hospital staff in a larger city. He could afford to buy a good home, and drive a fine car, and he was invited to join the best social groups.

By this time, so friends have told me, Madge was a little faded, lifeless creature, entirely unfitted for the new life now open to her. She had remained the wife in the background so long, that she was not able to come to the front of the picture. Her husband and her children for whom she had drudged and sacrificed were living in a world she did not know how to enter. And so the tragic ending to a relationship which held unusual promise for happiness.

And how easily this wrecked happiness might have been saved. If only Madge and Phil could have sensed these fundamentals for continuous happiness and had planned and worked their future out together on a firm basis, she might have kept abreast with him intellectually instead of allowing her personality to become narrow while his was expanding.

It is a mistake too many women make. They want to give all they have. They forget that they are giving the most cherished thing they could give when they preserve and develop their own individualities. Too often the woman feels that she must immolate herself on the altar of domestic happiness. If she has a talent, she feels that she must put it aside. If she is interested in painting, music, in some intellectual public work, she feels that she must abandon it or she will be neglecting her home life.

Even in the busiest years of a married woman's life, if she has the right understanding of the basis of happiness, she will cultivate a variety of interests; she will treasure and develop her talent, knowing that the time and money she is spending on her own personality is the greatest gift she can give to her family. Too often women who sacrifice themselves blindly, awaken years afterward to find their children selfish and their husbands ungrateful. True sacrifice is that which serves the best good of all, and it is most assuredly to the best good of the entire family for the wife and mother to keep herself physically fit and mentally and spiritually abreast with the other members of the family.

MARRIAGE rests upon two distinct foundations, the biological and the spiritual. To be assured of success, there should be in every marriage a physical attraction, and the elements which make for mental and spiritual companionship. As years go on the strength of the first bond becomes less and less. Then it is doubly important that men and women see to it that the second bond grows stronger. If husbands and wives would fairly face this need of consciously protecting and fostering those things which make for lasting home harmony, much of the world's heart-break could be averted.

What greater happiness can be conceived than that of knowing one person dearer to you than your own-self—one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy! True marriage gives you such a companion—one who, "if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word, who would cling to you in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; whose smile is ever at your hearth; who has no tears while you are well and happy. Such is marriage, if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime."

That is, we might add, if they will use commonsense in recognizing the fact that those relations do not rest upon some magical metamorphosis which comes with the marriage vows, but upon a set of practical, everyday laws or principles which must be recognized and adhered to. "The beauty of love lies in no false illusion of perfection, but in the growth together of two imperfect personalities."

In every married life it is true there will be ups and downs, lights and shades. We cannot always live on the heights. There must be lowlands to make us appreciate the heights. "A period of quiet waiting must precede and follow every chapter of exalted experience * * Great living means being true to the vision when we no longer behold it, carrying it loyally across the desolate plain and even through the valley of shadows, in the certain faith that the hills will rise again

and we shall ascend them, and again behold the vision of life, still and clear at our feet."

To keep the vision of ideal happiness one must try to maintain in married life a fine courtesy in the intimate relations of this bond. It is frequently the neglect or abandonment of the little courtesies of life that turns the thoughtful lover into a selfish, complaining husband, and converts the gentle, swee voiced bride into a slatternly, na ging wife.

Only by recognizing such fu damental principles as these I ha tried to indicate, can marriage, t most difficult, yet the most sacred all personal relationships be ma the sacrament it should be; only may those who assume its bon hope to "live happy ever after."

Let the Home Shine Out

By Bertha A. Klienman

There's a glow that lights the cities,
And it streams across the plain,
It's the lighthouse on the main,
Its the beacon on the hillside,
Its the lamp that lights the pathway
For the million feet that roam,
Its the glimmer in the window,
Its the candle-gleam of home.

Chorus

Keep the dark blinds lifted
Keep the lace folds rifted,
All without the paths of men
are dim with doubt,
Hearts that yearn for homir
Need your fire-side gloamir
Keep the dark blinds lifted
let the home shine out.

There's a trust that never v
vers,
In the hallowed atmosphe
There's a prayer each day
solving,
Though you wander far or ne
There's a shrine at every hear
stone,
For the longing hearts that ro
Be it tented cot or palace—it's th
Sacred shrine of home.

Indian Paint Brush

By Annie Pike Greenwood

Seldom in the valley;—
You blush upon the hill,
And where there is a mountain
You climb up higher still.

Some have called you coxcomb
After garden things;
So they label insects
All with fairy wings.

Secretly I name you
Inspiration flower:
In the common daytime
Comes the sacred hour;

So your common green leaves
Change to glowing red;
No longer common verdure,
You lift your happy head.

Like your green, my wild flower,
Starts the dullest day;
Comes my song, and blossoms
To red, so glad and gay.

My Own Town

By Kate Thomas

When I'm walking down the street, the streets of Salt Lake City,
All the houses say hello, and all the trees are pretty.
My own town, my home town, sprawly, gauche and slow,
But some sweet charm is over it, whichever way you go.

Up along the boulevard you thrill on looking down;
Green of every loveliness, never such a town!
Here are clumps of sunflowers, there the inland sea,
And the sky, the sky, the sky! could it fairer be?

Yon's bald-headed Ensign Peak, always with his brag on;
Squat old man who lunks at ease nodding at the dragon
That lies along the Wasatch rim, harmless, tricky, bold,
Open-eyed and sleepy-eyed like Fafnir guarding gold.
Calm at night the windows light soft signals to the highland,
Gaudy signs flash out their call, quite like Coney Island.
My home town, my own town, nestled in a bowl
With lots of things that ruffle you, but lots to cheer your soul.

Close on West North Temple, beneath a cloudy moon
Is a wharf and piling place, we'll be coaling soon,
The smokey old church-chimney forms the funnel of the boat,
It's puffing black is on the air and now we are afloat.
My home town, my own town, I gaily wave good-bye
But I'll be steaming back again some day before I die.

Purple stands the Oquirrh range 'gainst scarlet, gold and green,
Sunsets such as Utah boasts are rarely ever seen.
My own town, my home town flaming near and far
When the artist Autumn spills all the paints that are.

My home town, my home own home town, lives ever in my mind
Its noble mountains are so brave, its people are so kind.
My home town, my own town, hurried, worried slow,
But some sweet charm hangs over it no matter where you go.

A String of Beads

By Annie D. Palmer

ONLY twenty-five cents! Surely there must be some mistake. Those lovely cherry colored beads were never intended to sell for a quarter! Janet Major doubted that she could tell the difference if they were laid on the same tray with those at three dollars in a jewelry store window.

The young woman had spent hours window shopping in the hope that somewhere she would see a dress cheap enough to warrant her offering a dollar down and a half dollar a week. Margie Brown had asked her to go to a dance tonight with Margie and Joe. And Janet had promised. Immediately there had come up the question of clothes. Not that there should be a question. She had only one best dress, the same one that had done service for the last three years. She had hemmed it up twice, and then let the hem down and faced it. She had taken the sleeves out, sewed them back in, and finally cut them off. She had put a black collar on it and then a white one. It was still the same old dress, and looked positively hideous to her. She had called it Mauve when it was new; now it seemed to have no color at all, just a dull, drab, neutral thing, with no distinction but the oldness. Janet wasn't very sure about red being the best color of beads to wear with it; but the red was bright and seemed to her to give an added sparkle to the deep brown of her eyes. At any rate the beads were pretty—and new. She held them against her bosom and was satisfied with the combination.

But there was only a dollar in her poor little purse. Baby Jane ne ed shoes, and the three other you sters, underwear. When it came that, what did the youngsters need? Dan had been so long wi out work that she had quit ask him whether or not he had foun job. His father had been paying rent for months; and an agency provided milk, groceries, and c Janet had gone out for a day oc sionally when work was offered but the little she earned seemed go nowhere on the upkeep of clot and household needs. She put beads down with a sigh and star away.

"Yes, they are a real bargain," heard the little Kress girl saying another customer. "Our salesm got a splendid buy on them by t ing the entire stock."

Janet walked around the ta slowly and came back on the ot side. There were some nearly as g looking for a dime. But No. could not bring herself to be cheap. Dan would laugh at her. all probability she would have day's work Monday. Anyway children would all be put to bed fore she left them tonight in care Dan.

"May I help you?" asked young salesgirl for about the si time. And then, "Twenty-five of a dollar," as she handed the lar bill to her co-worker at the register.

"Twenty-five out of a dollar!" words fell heavily on the heart the woman and continued to re themselves even after she boar the street car and was on her

home. "Twenty-five out of a dollar!"

Having slipped the beads over her head at the time of purchase she now fingered them nervously. She had grown so accustomed to sacrificing everything for the children that this foolish expenditure made her feel like a criminal. And yet—well, she was only a month past thirty, and all her life she had adored red beads. A woman doesn't outgrow these little vanities easily.

Dan was home when she arrived, and was just making a fire with the last bucket of coal. The children were all standing around him discussing the very important subject of what they were to have for supper. As their mother entered she heard Della say that a tramp had come while they were alone, and that because she was afraid she had given him four big slices of bread and butter.

"An' mother," reported Amelia with pathetic concern, "Dick an' that boy across the street et a whole loaf of bread and all the jam, an' didn't give us even a bite. An' I'm as hungry as a mule!"

"Hush up! And let me get in the house before you pull it down about my head," scolded Janet. "I wonder if you'll ever learn to take care of things when I leave the house! What business have you feeding tramps and neighbors when we have nothing for ourselves?"

"Well I don't care—" began Della.

"If you can't hush, please go in the other room!" the mother commanded in desperation.

"Della explained that she was afraid," Dan suggested calmly. "Perhaps she could do no better than she did."

"Of course. Everyone does what is best but me," snapped Janet. "I suppose you're doing the best you can, too."

"God knows I'm trying to get a job, if that's what you mean," he answered.

"I mean that if you can't do anything else you can stay at home and keep the tramps away. I'm sick and tired of the racket, trying to make ends meet on nothing!"

"Even at that you can spend money on gewgaws to satisfy your vanity. It doesn't look very well when we can't buy food."

"Meaning this miserable string of beads, of course! But I didn't use your hard earned money to buy them, my dear man; and let me tell you right now that I intend to use mine for what I darn please!"

"Oh, it's quite all right! A mother should spend her money on finery while her children starve if that's the way she feels about it."

Mrs. Major took the beads from her neck and flung them into the fire. Then she sat down and indulged in a fit of weeping. Dan took his hat and went out. The children stood looking at the open fire in amazement.

"You don't want them nasty beads, do you mother? Nobody wants 'em I'll say!" Amelia patted her mother's hand as she offered the remark she thought would be comforting.

"Hush up!" commanded Della. "Them wasn't nasty beads. It was what dad said 'at was nasty. Cross old dad! I'm gonta buy some beads too, when Miss Mason pays me fer tendin' her kids, an' I'll let mother wear 'em all she wants to."

"Why don't you give 'em to her, stingy?" questioned Dick who was now poking the fire where the beads had disappeared.

"I hain't no stingier'n you be, Dickey. An' maybe I can buy 'em for her birthday."

The heart of the mother was so full of the bitterness of poverty that she hardly heard and heeded not at all either promises or comments of the youngsters. In her mind a battle royal was raging. It was waged between Dan's criticism on the one hand and her mother conscience on the other.

"How could Dan be so unreasonable as to make a fuss about such a trifle?" Thus the argument.

"But he did not know the cost. He only knew the children were hungry and there was no food."

"It's his place to provide food. He promised that when I married him. And I earned the money I spent for beads."

"If Dan had a job—"

"The same old story. I've heard it so long it's hateful! I can't remember whether he ever had a job. What I do know is that this quarter is the first one I've spent on myself in the last three years. And I'm treated like a criminal for that!"

"Dan is so worried about the children."

"Let him manage the children if he can do it better. I'm sick of the whole thing. It's one eternal grind of poverty, with nothing else in sight as long as I live with him! What does he care how I look, or where I go, or when I come! It can't go on! It just can't!"

"Mother, I'm hungry. Ain't we gonna have any supper?"

The mother of four cannot cry for long unless she postpones it until after bedtime. The Major children were indeed hungry. Besides, they were not accustomed to seeing their mother in tears. Being thus called by her son to face realities, she understood the situation and called a truce with her harrassed mind to hastily set about the making of a vegetable soup to feed the famishing household.

Meanwhile Dan walked. He had nowhere to go. He had exhausted every resource in the search for work. He blamed himself bitterly now for what he had said. It never could have happened if he had not felt so tired and weak. Of course Janet was hungry and tired, too. How could he, a big burly man, realize how much a bit of personal adornment could mean to a woman? How she must love to dance! Yes, he remembered. She had often told him in the years gone by, that she would rather dance than eat. And she had sacrificed so much, and still must sacrifice! And here he was leaving her to her burden instead of trying to help and comfort her! He turned about, resolved to ask her forgiveness for what he had said, and to buy her some beads with the first five dollars he might earn.

TIMES grew worse and worse with the Major family as the winter advanced. Mr. Major walked the streets day after day in the vain search for work. He was one of hundreds doing the same thing. Mrs. Major spent every penny she could earn on necessary underwear, hose, and shoes for the children. When not working away from home she mended and remodeled things until it seemed she could devise no more shifts. Never were the beads mentioned since the day she bought them for the dance she did not attend. When she and her husband kissed and forgave each other after the quarrel, they closed that chapter forever.

But there was an outside version. As has been stated the family depended upon an agency for food. Months after the unfortunate purchase in the Kress store it came as a

report to the Welfare agency concerned.

"Oh, yes, it's true. Of course it is. A woman that knows Mis' Major told me herself. I guess you must 'ave give her two dollars or somethin' to buy food; an' the very next day she went up town an' got her some beads an' things. I think folks like her ought to have some one buy things to eat for the kids instead of givin' her money when she don't know what to do with it."

"I've always thought her rather thrifty and—"

"Well, maybe you call it thrifty. But as for me, I don't calculate to help folks buy no jewelery. I can't afford none o' them things myself, an' I ain't a askin' help neither."

"Maybe beads mean more to Mrs. Major than to you. Maybe she has wanted that particular trifle for a long time. Maybe the touch of brightness appealed in a way she could not resist. Maybe—"

"Yes, an' maybe she ain't got very much sense. Anyway, I'll spend my own money, and let them as wants to, donate theirs to buy beads an' sich foolishness. If you're gonta allow that, you needn't ask for none o' my help."

Had it not been for Della, this episode might have finished the story. But there came a day when Della tended a baby for a woman who paid her. Ever since the suggestion of a birthday present for her mother had come to her, the child had hoped she might get a chance to earn an extra dime. Often she had stopped in the Kress store and looked at the cherry red beads and asked the price of some that she thought exactly like the ones her mother had bought. Many times she had included in her whispered prayers the petition that she might earn enough money to buy them. Once in a dream she held them in her hands. And now the dream had come true.

It wasn't mother's birthday, but she could play it was. Birthdays come so slowly. She could not wait. When she was nearly home she took the beads from the little paper bag to have a fond look at them in the sunlight.

"Mercy, child! Where did you get them fine beads?"

"I bought them for mother, grandma. Ain't they lovely?"

"You bought them did you? Well, well!"

Della knew her grandmother Major was not pleased when she said, "Well, well" in that tone of voice; but the child could not know why Grandmother Major turned when they reached the corner and went in another direction instead of on home to talk with father.

Della ran to her mother and was clasped in loving but trembling arms. Her father smiled approval. He did not say anything. A moment later his big arms enfolded both the child and her mother.

Grandmother Major hurried to the office of the relief agency, and within a half hour was making her report.

"The fact of the matter is," she was concluding, "you must make some other arrangement about the rent. My son's wife is an extravagant creature, with no care how she gets her finery so she gets it. It's very well for you to stick up for her, but if she can let them little girls run to the store for beads she can pay the rent. I was not brought up that way, and I shall not continue to support any one so senseless."

"Janet works so hard, Mrs. Major, and has so little!"

"All the more reason for her bein' savin'. Folks that has to be helped don't need silk stockin's nor beads—"

"I have given her some silk stockings that were considerably worn. She repairs them beautifully."

"It teaches her extravagance, her an' the girls, too. She can pay her own rent. I don't know what the young an' risin' generation is comin' to, the way they spend. If things continue at this rate they won't have rags to cover themselves before long. I can't be responsible, that's all, an' I won't. I'm sure Dan's father will feel the same as I do, so from now on it's you for the rent. Goodbye!"

The astonished young woman of the agency sighed heavily as she wondered if Dan's father could really be made to so magnify the trifling vanity. It occurred to her that in the educational campaign they were trying to put over, there was need to stress the fact that *folks who need are still folks;* that their hearts rejoice in each other's well-being and find joy in each other's happiness.

She knew how watchful are the eyes of neighbors once the tongue of adverse criticism wags. She realized that the agency depended upon the generosity of neighbors for its financial support. Hers must be the task of interpreting human need in terms of heart-throbs, both to the contributing neighbor, and to the narrow minded parents of Dan. If only she might speed the lesson home as it had come to her.

The discovery of a heart condition is one story; how a great change was wrought is another. Before spring they came together to the office of the relief agency, the contributing neighbor and the mother of Dan.

"Put me back on the contribution ledger," said the neighbor. "I reckon you was right an' I was wrong as usual. Here's my check for the payment I missed."

"I think you may close the case of Dan," concluded Dan Major's mother. "Father and I have decided the family is our responsibility.

"With the children and the extravagant wife?" asked the executive secretary.

"The only extravagant thing I've ever heard about Janet was that string of cherry colored beads," said grandmother Major, "and I'll be hanged If I'm dead sure about that!"

Little Builders

By Eunice I. Gardner

In the sandpile under my window
Where my little twin girls are at play—
I can hear their sweet childish prattle
All through the long summer day.

They are building towers and bridges
And cellars and caverns deep;
And beautiful, peaceful valleys
By mountains so wide and steep.

O, wonderful things are occurring
In that sandpile day after day—
Things mere mortal man cannot fathom
Which pass under the guise of play.

O, dear little innocent builders,
My God help you to build well
Such Temples of worth that His Spirit
May ever within your hearts dwell.

Rural Adjustments in Czechoslovakia

By Thomas L. Martin, Agronomist, Brigham Young University

MOST Americans know surprisingly little about the interesting new republic in the central and eastern part of Europe called Czechoslovakia. If you read the papers carefully a few years ago, you may recall that out of the ruins of the Austrian Empire there were a few new nations created. Bohemia, the inhabitants of whom are known as Czechs, the little provinces of Silesia, Moravia, and Slovakia together with a little of Russia, Poland, and Hungary constituted the material out of which the Czechoslovakian nation was made.

For many centuries in this geographic area a number of different races have existed. The Czechs and Slovaks have predominated and have always been characterized by their independent democratic spirit. At various times they have worked for religious and civil liberty, but unfortunately stronger powers have held them under subjection. Particularly were they oppressed by the Austrians. Fortunately for them, however, the end of the Great War brought to a finish the subjugation by enemy powers which had been in existence for many centuries.

This country consists of an area of 55,000 square miles (two-thirds the size of Utah) and a population of 18,900,000 people. About 12,000,000 are Czechoslovaks; 3,000,000 Germans and the rest are Russians, Hungarians, etc.

After the war the beginning period of the new republic was very vigorous, although about a million and a half of the inhabitants left the country, first because of the instability of the country, and second, because there was nothing for them to do. Thousands emigrated to the United States. However restrictions on immigration to the United States, and the passing of agricultural laws making more favorable conditions for farmers there had the effect of checking emigration. At present the people appear to be doing better and many of the Czechoslovakians are returning to the homeland.

THE founders of this new republic had vision. One of their first activities was a Land Reform movement. Large estates had been owned by their hated conquerors as well as some few rich people of their own blood. Before the war nearly seventy per cent of the agricultural land was in possession of these wealthy landlords and the rest, consisting of five and one-half million acres, was in the hands of the citizens themselves.

The first law passed by the new republic was known as the land reform law. This took the land from the owners after they were paid a pre-war price, equivalent to about one-sixth of the value at the time the law was passed. The land was then apportioned out to the farmers and sold to them on long time contracts.

The method of selecting the farmers for the land was interesting. A committee consisting of scientific experts, economists, successful farmers, and some government officials was formed. The applications sent in by prospective buyers were studied by this committee and judgment passed on the basis of the applicant's past experience, his service

in the army, kind and number in family, etc. The method used for selecting proved a wise one, and the farmers are practically all making good. There have been 500,000 farmers placed on new land in the last eleven years. Not only have these farmers been placed on land but they have been provided with expert help.

A reform in the school system has also been made. Children go to the elementary school for six to ten years. At any age varying between ten to eighteen they may go to the gymnasium school, something like our vocational schools, which fits them with the general training for life. This is followed by high school training during the years from eighteen to twenty-two, during which time they secure training in the technical branches. A number of agricultural high schools have been erected. These agricultural institutions are equivalent to our own agricultural colleges. At present there are over one thousand students in Czechoslovakia receiving a four year college course leading to a college degree, which fits them for practical work in agriculture. Every student must spend three days a week for two years in practice farming. Here they are taught the idea of putting everything they learn into practice. Dairying, poultry raising, crop raising, etc. are taught. From these colleges the students go out to the farms to put their education into practice. In addition to this training the farmers get expert help. There are laboratories in which the best kind of farm equipment is determined. There are experiment farms in which plant breeding is done. The best pit silos for the farmer and the best material for silage purposes are studied. The expert in charge makes it very plain to the visitor that the whole purpose is to demonstrate the practical.

There are three large experiment farms in Czechoslovakia as well as numerous small demonstration farms. At these large experiment farms, excursions are conducted every Sunday for the benefit of the farmers. There the expert explains results obtained. At Prague, the capitol city of Czecholsovakia, there are breeds of dairy cattle, not the choicest breeds as one would expect, but the breeds native to Moravia and other hilly countries. Experiments are carried on to indicate what can be done with the native stock. Wild horses are kept on display and used for various purposes to show the farmers what may be done with the wild horse, of which there are many in the country. Redclover, sunflower, corn and beet tops are the subjects of extensive experimentation and their value when siloed in pit silos determined. Corn and barley are used for stock feed experiments. While I was there 100 Chester White pigs were being tested and the kind and amount of feed used and gains carefully recorded. All modern machinery together with old hand labor tools are compared. Modern machinery is slowly making headway, but while money is scarce and labor cheap this progress will be slow.

There is a research building in progress, built upon modern lines and equipped with modern apparatus for making technical studies of the agricultural problems of the nation.

Soil surveys are being made of all the areas of the state. Determinations of the physical conditions of the soil, the fertility needs and crop adaptability, are being studied intensely. Bacteria as a factor in soil fertility is receiving considerable at-

ention. The experiments performed with the soil are recorded in the various areas and advice given for farming the particular areas.

THERE is an interesting Bureau of Agricultural Statistics and Organization. For the last ten years a record has been kept of the farmers' income and outgoings. A fine system of bookkeeping on the farms is being inaugurated. About 1000 typical farmers in various parts of the nation have been selected for study in this interesting economic investigation. The number of animals, acres of land, acres of crop, labor, animals, crop yields, market prices, net and gross income, are taken into account. Progress reports are sent in every week. These reports are compiled and a summary returned to the farmer together with a comparison of the different areas in the nation, and a comparison with previous years, together with suggestions for improvement.

This system of reports has had its effect upon the standards of living of the farmer, and it has been found that there is a steady improvement in average conditions. By this weekly check and weekly advice, monthly and yearly summary, the government has a wonderful check on her agriculture. She shows a paternal interest in her agricultural people. One and one-half million crowns, about $300,000, have been appropriated for this work yearly. Each farmer pays a small fee according to the amount of land he owns.

A self governing public corporation known as the National Chamber of Agriculture has been organized for the protection of agriculture in the republic. Each county has its agricultural association for the protection of local interests. Expenses are covered by contribution as well as by 5 to 10% of land tax, and a subsidy from the government. Much agricultural seed is raised. For the protection of the growers as well as purchasers a seed control law was passed by the National Assembly on March 17, 1921. This law provides for official inspection, analysis, certification, and registration of original varieties developed by growers, and of seeds grown by them.

The Ministry of Agriculture, charged with enforcement of law, appoints certifying commissions for various districts. Sugar beet seed, seed wheat and other grains are grown and certified and shipped all over the world.

There is also an organization among the farmers and farm laborers. This is designed to promote agricultural production, and encourages bookkeeping, and it also supervises, distributes, and arranges for agricultural fairs.

Animals form an important item in most of the Czechoslovakia farm enterprises. Manures are very carefully saved. Pits to conserve both the urine and solid excretion are very common and manure spreaders are growing in importance. On the better farms manure is applied on land every third year. They have not emphasized green manures for fertilizer purposes because rainfall is not too plentiful and fertilizers are relatively cheap.

A definite system of rotation is carried on. Alfalfa is grown for two or three years, then sugar beets are planted, followed by barley, then wheat, sugar beets, and rye planted as a nurse crop for the alfalfa. When beets are not grown, potatoes and forage crops are grown in their stead. Corn is raised on a limited

area in the nation, particularly in its southern part.

Agriculture has made great forward steps in Czechoslovakia due to her system of rotation and fertility. Conditions were bad in 1918. Soil was exhausted due to shortage of artificial manures, particularly nitrates and phosphorus. Supplies of barnyard manure were reduced due to the Austrian government taking the cattle during the war. The biological deficiency of exhausted soil and underfed cattle resulted in a gradual reduction in agricultural produce, yet her crops averaged well with the world. In 1924 the combined yield of wheat, rye, barley and oats in Czechoslovakia averaged 1392 pounds per acre as against 776 pounds in the United States. Their yield surpassed those of practically all of the rest of Europe. Wheat averaged 26 bushels to the acre while the United States averaged but 12. This rate of increase has been held steadily during the last ten years.

Agricultural progress in Czechoslovakia has been due to hard work. By working early in the morning until late in the evening the agricultural classes have brought about improvement such that it has, with the art of the industrial worker created the "only fine island in the disturbed sea of Europe." One authority says that it is due only to the sound conservative sense of the agricultural class that in its first post war years of industrial disorganization and unemployment the social and economic balance of the republic was not disturbed.

The farmers quickly adjusted themselves to pre-war status as soon as they regained their cattle and thus ensured the necessary supply of manure. The state helped the farmer to buy his commercial fertilizer at wholesale prices.

This nation exports to foreign countries, barley, hops, sugar, alcohol, lumber. She imports flour from America, Hungaria, Roumania, and Poland. Corn and lard are imported. She is self supporting in cattle. There is a little irrigation carried on but it is very limited. Irrigation is needed in many sections but the price involved in creating such projects is prohibitive at the present time.

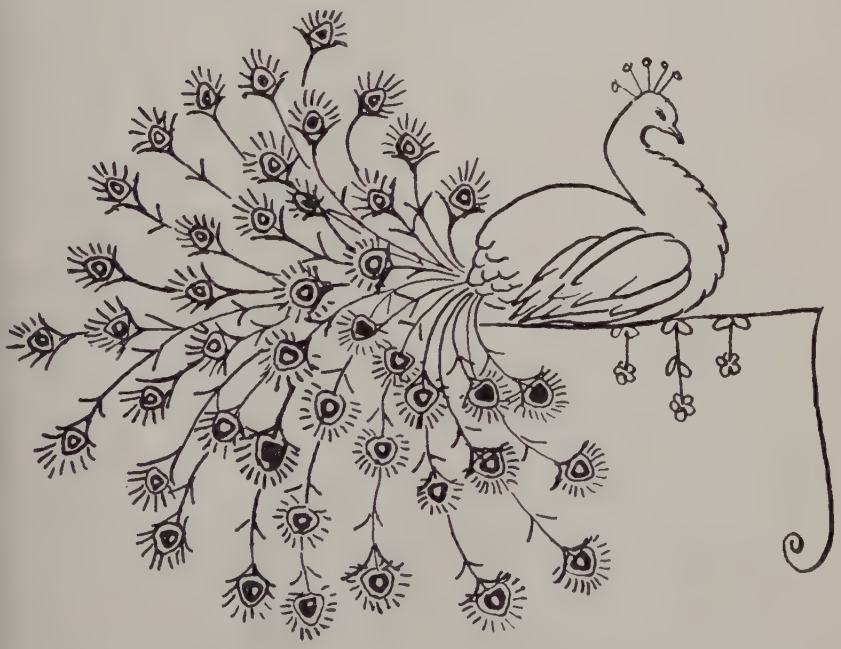
JUDGING from my own experience and observations, the Czechoslovakians are a very fine type of people. They are industrious, happy, courteous, honest, hard-working, liberty loving and appreciative. The United States stands as her ideal of a nation. She loves America and our people. President Woodrow Wilson is idolized. He is considered their great liberator, because of his efforts to give the Czechs and the Slavs their freedom. The largest railroad depot in the capitol city is named after Woodrow Wilson. It contains the engraving "The world must be made safe for democracy." Even today fresh wreathes are found at the foot of the monument. There is a Wilson Street, American Street, and a Hoover Street. The national colors are red, white and blue. Her constitution is patterned after the American constitution.

The leaders of the republic knew they had a nation to build. Commercial industries are vital for this nation, but agriculture is more vital. Her leaders knew that to build a nation the rural life must not be neglected.

Professor Dr. Ve Brdlik commenting on this says: "The Czech peoples are descendants of humble

peasants. They differ from other western nationalities in that her civilization has not come from the bourgeoise of the cities, but out of the peasant classes. This peasant class has always been responsible for the resuscitation and rejuvenation of the oppressed Czech people. Whatever course Czech history may take in the future the Bohemian rural peoples will always provide farm ground for the Czech nation to rest on."

"The natural laws of the land will always prove a firm link. From the relation between the land and his family the peasant has derived his conception of the home land and freedom of his nation. He is convinced that he has an invincible power to overcome all difficulties even if the reverse of history were to be unfavorable to him, if his nation will not turn away from native fields in order to engage in industry. For having once lost contact with the land the whole nation would go to ruin. Such is the intrinsic value of Czechoslovakian agriculture."



Babes-in-the-Woods

By Ruth Moench Bell

LESCELINE was glad that the path from the gate to the house was a long one. Dave's father had very wisely, for this occasion, set his house in the exact middle of his acre lot. Dave's father! *Her* father now! Whether the Blaynes knew it or not, whether they approved or not—and Lesceline had a quiet conviction that Mrs. Blayne did *not* approve—She and Dave were married. Soon, all too soon, the Blaynes would know. Oh, that blessed long, long walk. It was giving them a longer lease on their happiness.

Lesceline looked up at Dave—and it was some distance to his eyes. He looked down at her and patted her hand, the hand she had slipped in his arm. His eyes said, 'Never mind, little woman. They shan't eat you up—not while I'm there.' Nevertheless, Lesceline detected a faltering in Dave's footsteps. He was probably wondering how he could explain to his family that he had decided not to go east and become a great architect—not right away.

Lesceline did not know that at that precise moment the two most popular and spirited young people of Brixton College looked very much like two babes-in-the-woods, full of awe at this thing that they had done, full of wonder at the possibilities for disaster of this new world they found themselves in. In fact, it was David Blayne senior, ensconsed behind the heavy lace-curtained windows of the Blayne household, who had noted the resemblance to the 'Babes-in-the-Wood' and had so dubbed them.

"They're married, Emily," he smiled, as he beckoned his wife to join him at the window. "Nothing else could make those two look like that. They're wondering how we're going to take it."

"I know how I'm going to take it," Emily Blayne pursed her lips proudly, which was her way of icing her foes. "She's ruined Dave's career. He'll never be an architect now."

"Well," David Blayne chuckled, "I'm not so sure he was exactly coerced into it."

Unconscious of the scrutiny and comments they were exciting, Lesceline and Dave, hand in hand now, walked wistfully toward the house —their expression imploring the world to let them be happy.

"She's frivolous, vain, extravagant," Emily Blayne breathed between tight lips.

"It's a good thing this house is so far from the gate," Daivd Blayne senior sighed. "You better go up to your room, Em, and get yourself in hand. Little Lesceline's not so bad. And she's Dave's choice—you know —our Dave's choice."

"I'm not so sure she's Dave's choice."

"Well, even at that, he might have done worse if he'd done the choosing himself. Come away, Em, they're almost here."

"If Lesceline could have been a daughter-in-law like—"

"Every mother-in-law thinks she would have been an ideal mother-in-law if only her particular daughter-in-law had been different." He kissed his wife and hurried down stairs. "I'll tell them you are bathing," David whispered back. "Be

nice to her—they're only young once."

"I know what's due a guest," Emily cried proudly.

"That's fine. Just treat her as a guest, that'll suit Lesceline all right."

The hall door was opening with visible reluctance, the next minute, and Blayne senior's voice came booming down the hall. "Here, what have you two youngsters been up to?"

Right then, Lesceline decided that she was going to like her new dad. She adored a sport and flung her arms about his neck with an affection that delighted father and son.

Emily Blayne was less demonstrative in her greetings when she finally got herself in hand and allowed herself to be kissed and embraced by her son, and presented her cheek to be kissed by Lesceline. The daughter-in-law, every whit as proud and independent, brushed ever so lightly the cheek thus presented.

Lesceline noticed that Mrs. Blayne listened with polite reserve while Dave gave enthusiastic plans for making millions without becoming a great architect at once. She was glad that she and Dave were leaving next day in Dave's roadster for Montana. A very little bit of polite reserve was plenty for Lesceline.

David Blayne joined in their plans more heartily and gave them a wedding present of two hundred dollars to tide them along until Dave got his first million. "Now I can't send you another nickle," he warned them laughingly, "this is the limit, so make it last till you get some more right in your hands."

Mrs. Blayne offered bedding and cooking utensils so they could cook their meals at Auto Camps. But Dave burst out, "Great Scott, Moms, this is our wedding trip.. We're going to the best hotels. Lesceline's not going to cook on our honeymoon."

"And besides it's good business to look successful," Lesceline added. "Staying at good hotels and looking prosperous will give people confidence in us, and we'll be more likely to succeed."

"I guess they're not so dumb," Mr. Blayne laughed. "They've got all their wits about them, Emily."

"That's one thing I like about my new parents," Lesceline confessed into this warmer atmosphere. "You don't call each other 'mother' and 'father'. You still keep your individuality. We're going to be Lesceline and Dave as long as we live. We're not going to let our children forget that we are real people, just as they are."

"I'm glad she likes something about us, Emily," Blayne chuckled. "for I'm getting rather fond of my new daughter already."

Lesceline and Dave promised to write frequently and frankly, as they got into their roadster the next morning.

"A few years ago a young couple wanted a new home and a job when they started out" David Blayne joked. "Now if they have a marriage licence and a roadster they're doing fine."

"And a college degree apiece, Dad, don't forget that," Dave reminded him.

"Not so bad, after all, do you think" Lesceline cried happily, as she waved back.

David senior smiled to his wife, as together they waved to the youngsters going out so confidently to conquer the world. "I'll give them exactly one week," he laughed.

"I admit that she seems more sensible than I thought," Mrs.

Blayne said, "but how about this talk of best hotels?"

"Oh, they have their pride. We don't want them to break their pride. They know I won't send more money."

"If she'd only left him alone till he'd gone east and got his degree in architecture," Emily sighed.

"After all, what they will learn together may mean much more to both of them than any degree and waiting. They have the main business in life settled now, and they have each other and health and intelligence to work out their problems together."

BLAYNE was right. It was not long before a letter came bringing word that the two were trying another town. The change was made about the time that Dave, losing his job at a service station, happened in at an unusual time at a certain cafe, and found Lesceline, looking like a million dollars, imperiously waiting on tables.

"I thought you had lost all interest in cafes," she told him haughtily, a little piqued that he had surprised her at work. "You said you cared for nothing but hot dogs and hambergers."

"I think that was about the time you began preferring apples and buttermilk to real meals," Dave countered. "Let's call it quits and get on with our career. I think we have enough to go on, now that we have lowered our lights."

They were well along the road when Dave remarked, "You know some of these Auto Camps are rather nifty, showers and all. And we could make ourselves a cup of chocolate for breakfast."

"And get some cooked cereal and sometimes an egg and some fruit," Lesceline agreed with alacrity. "And then we could have our darling car right under our window, so we could watch it all night. I'm always so afraid some one will steal it in a public garage."

"It will save garage bills, too," Dave blundered, "what I mean is, fenders get jinned up in public garages. And you can't place the blame."

Having the darling car right under their window, was not the unmixed joy Lesceline expected. Incidentally, they might have rested better if they could have backed the car into their cottage and tucked it in for the night. Then one or the other could have put a foot out from time to time to make sure that the car was still there, spare tires, motor and all. As it was, Dave really did not start up more than half a dozen times perfectly sure that he had heard some one making away with the spare tire. About the seventh time, when he jumped to his knees wildly, he collided with Lesceline, who had a sudden call to peer out of the window and make sure that the 'spare' was still there. Dave explained foolishly that he had dreamed some sort of nightmare, probably because of the late hamberger he had eaten.

Towards morning, Dave rose with a shout, "They're jacking up our car to get our wheels."

"I'm afraid they've got all four of them," Lesceline cried excitedly.

"I hope they haven't lifted the motor out, too, "Dave said feverishly, as he dragged his boots on.

He came back rather sheepishly. "Everything's intact. But it's daybreak, and I think we better be getting on."

Dave was about to suggest that they go home for a visit, but a hurried count of their resources showed him that even gas could not be as-

sured. They might 'hock' the car, but something happened which made that unnecessary.

When Lesceline had been at the wheel, Dave had liked to remind her that 'there is always another car just around the curve, and it will be on your side and making seventy per, so drive accordingly.'

Lesceline would wrinkle up her nose and toss her head, remarking, "Also, every gun is loaded."

It happened, however, that it was not Lesceline but Dave who was at the wheel when the other car sprang into existence just around the curve. According to formula, the car was on Dave's side and was doing, as near as anyone could estimate, fully seventy per. As a mere bagatelle, it also transpired that Dave was 'stepping her up' pretty lively, though no one could tell exactly what the speedometer registered when the impact came.

The 'Babes-in-the-Wood' title was not so inept, after all. 'The robins so red' might easily have 'brought strawberry leaves and over them spread' had not an irate driver brought them to their senses. He was demanding to know 'what the Sam Hill they were doing over on his side of the road—and why Dave didn't let his girl drive if he couldn't do better than that.'

Dave observed rather grogily that he though he had done pretty well, almost any other driver would have killed all three of them.

"Where's our car?" Lesceline asked faintly, looking around at the unfamiliar scene. "My wrist feels awfully queer," she moaned. "Why is Dave looking so pale?"

Dave looked around at the debris. "What's the idea of the used car sale?"

"Yes, what's the idea," the other accessory-before-the-fact snarled.

"Fortunately no bones were broken," Dave wrote home to his father. "And one can always get another car."

"Fortunately or unfortunately," Dave's father wrote back, "that chicken ranch I took a mortgage on in Idaho, has fallen into my hands. Now it happens that you two are not far from Dudley, and if you'll go over and try to save me from losing the whole works, I'll finance you till you can make a go of it, or until I can sell out and get the thing off my hands. I'm enclosing a check to get you there and tide you over. This should keep you going till you can get an egg check in, if what they claim for the place is anywhere near true."

"We're on," Dave wired back. "Lesceline's game and we're both delighted."

"Your mother and I will drive up and sort of get you started," David Blayne wrote back.

"And I'll give them about twenty minutes to chuck the whole thing," he remarked to his wife as he sealed the letter.

"We'll give them the best fried chicken they ever ate," Dave proposed.

"Don't," Lesceline laughed. "You are making me hungry. I could eat several myself."

"The question is—can you fry them if I do the other acts," Dave asked.

"I can after you get them rolled in flour and salted and peppered," Lesceline sighed daintily. "If I so much as see them at any of the other stages, I can't eat a bite."

"Well, I'll go whack off their heads," Dave laughed.

Lesceline put her fingers to her ears and hid in the closet at the sound of the first squawk. But she was a good sport and had the water

boiling to scald them. After what seemed plenty of time, Lesceline emerged from the closet.

"Are they washed, salted and floured." she finally called from the other side of the kitchen door. "I'll bring in some more wood," she added. She did not want Dave to think her unsportsmanlike. But she gave a shriek that rent the skies when she happened onto the severed heads at the chopping block. The sight of their blood-stained feathers filled her with horror, and she held her nose in dismay at the odor that was wafted from their scalded feathers.

Lesceline happened in just as Dave was drawing them, not too expertly, and right then she decided that she would not care for any fried chicken. Even the sight of their white flesh as the pieces soaked in cold water prior to drying, salting, and flouring, was not reassuring to Lesceline.

Dave's dad and mother arrived, very friendly and greatly surprised and delighted that these two should have settled down to realities so swiftly. Lesceline could see that even Mrs. Blayne was mollified, though dubious about the venture being of long duration.

The gracious greetings and the aroma of frying chicken whetted Lesceline's appetite and she picked daintily at the piece of white meat which Dave put on her plate, and soon she was eating as heartily as any one.

"I suppose Lesceline knocked their heads off?" Dave's dad joked.

"She did *not*," Dave laughed. "Les ran and hid."

"Always your mother's trick. I finally got her to pull out their feathers."

"But I did not relish them after," Emily added.

"Then I'll never ask Lesceline to do even that," Dave declared gallantly.

"Who gathers the eggs?" Mrs. Blayne asked, not without purpose, as Lesceline could see.

"Yes, you should have seen Les gathering them," Dave roared. "I went out in time to see her poking at them with a stick and exclaiming coaxingly, not to mention threateningly, Now get right off, you big brute, get off those eggs.' "

"I did not," Lesceline defended.

"And then one hen pecked at her and Les dropped an egg. Of course all the hens made a dash for that egg as it smashed, so Lesceline uttered a shriek and dropped another egg. By that time I arrived with my plus twelves and managed to cover the two eggs, so the hens wouldn't get the taste and start egg stealing."

Under the table, Lesceline was trying to locate Dave's generous 'plus twelves,' as he called them. But she could not find them to get the wireless over to him that he was showing her up in a rather bad light to her mother-in-law, who had her lips pursed tight again, and was obviously wondering what possible help her daughter-in-law would be on a chicken farm.

She heard Dave's dad defending her, after supper when she was busy with the dishes, and Dave was out taking the setters off the nest to lock them up and punish them for yielding to nature's dictates.

"Oh, she'll be game, Emily." Lesceline heard his big booming voice saying, "wait till her test comes. This is all new and different for Lesceline. She isn't complaining about living miles from anyone. Remember she was one of the most popular girls at college—a Co-ed tha

went everywhere and was always the life of the party."

Dave was coming whistling up the walk, so Lesceline did not hear Emily's response. After the visit, the place seemed ten times lonelier. Was Dave really so interested as he seemed, or did he see in this chicken ranch the chance to earn the money that would take him east to study? Lesceline wondered as she saw him immersed in poultry journals in the evening, or talking poultry with every man he could meet, on those trips to the Association in the 1918 Model Ford which had been left with the place.

Lesceline strolled down to the hen house one evening when Dave had stayed extra long. She saw him cuddling a dove-like white pullet against either cheek. Strolling noiselessly to the house, Lesceline felt a new affection for Dave, a new insight into his nature and a new interest in his interest. After that, she went often with Dave and liked to hear him talk to his hens.

"See the nice clean saw-dust in your nests, girls," he would exclaim. "Now show your gratitude."

He would tweak their beaks, as they peered at him drowsily from their roosts at night. Sometimes taking their heads between his hands roughly and affectionately, he would tease and joke with them, just as if they understood.

"They're just like a bunch of girls," he would laugh, "squealing and scurrying away over nothing whatever."

Sometimes Lesceline fed them the 'scratch'. She liked to hear the raucous chorus they sang in anticipation. Scattering the grain about, made her feel like a Lady Bountiful bestowing largess while they scrambled eagerly.

(*To be continued*)

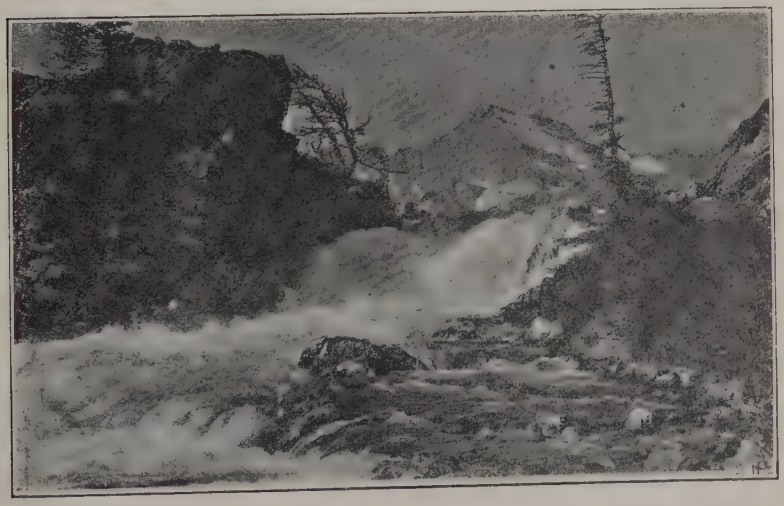


Photo by Heilman

SWIFT CURRENT FALLS AND GOULD MOUNTAIN, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Mary B. Hamilton

By Hazel H. Geenwood

AS we become intimately acquainted with the lives of the women of the Latter-day Saints we discover a great number of most interesting characters known and loved for their integrity, diligence, industry, faithfulness and sincerity. They have performed their part well and the story and history of our church would be incomplete without reference to their lives and accomplishments.

Among this group may well be mentioned Mary B. Hamilton, born Jan. 6, 1865, in Mill Creek, where she has lived during her entire life time and where she has been and still is a leading member of the community.

The Hamilton home has been a place where from my childhood I have spent many happy days. I learned to love and admire Aunt Belle for her devotion and attention to those who came within her influence. Especially did she make the principles and doctrines of the church a paramount subject in her instructions all of which have been made manifest in the lives of the children as they have grown to manhood and womanhood. Prayer, loyalty to the church and respect for the priesthood were never overlooked.

Her parents, Martin White and Margaret Hill, were of German and Scotch descent and came to Utah in 1849. She commenced her education in the common schools and later took a Normal Course in the Brigham Young University graduating in 1885, and soon after began teaching. She taught for four years with marked success and was known as an entertainer and a clever reader.

She married James C. Hamilton, who later became Bishop of Mill Creek Ward, where he presided for twenty-five years.

SISTER Hamilton was mother to nineteen children, nine of her own eight of whom are living and ten belonging to the first wife of her husband, who died leaving these children, the eldest a boy of fifteen and a baby three weeks old.

In influencing these children she was successful in impressing them with the importance of individual responsibility in the duties of the home. Her activities in the home and the community evidenced leadership and executive ability. Public problems affecting the home had her interest and support.

Education and experience gave her a sense and appreciation of proper educational training and as much as possible was enjoyed by this family.

THE church activity of this group has been remarkable, six of her own sons as shown in the accompanying photograph have filled missions for the church and are active members.

Among the other family of children four sons and one daughter have filled missions, three having served twice. Two sons have served as Bishops. The girls have all been active as Ward and Stake Presidents of Mutual Improvement, teachers of Sunday School, and have held many positions of trust. All of the marriages in this family have

been performed in the temple.

Sister Hamilton herself has had an active church experience, serving as Counselor in M. I. A., Counselor in Relief Society for a number of years, later serving as president of that organization for sixteen years.

At the organization she was chosen as a member of the Stake Board of M. I. A. under Zina B. Cannon as President. Subsequently she became a member of the Board of the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society giving splendid service for five years to a clinic held in Murray under that organization.

At present she is a teacher in Sunday School, Mutual and Relief Society.

Besides her church activities Sister Hamilton has for years been an active leader in civil affairs, taking an active and leading part in many matters pertaining to the welfare of the community. She was elected president of the Farm Bureau of Salt Lake County and was president and later Secretary of the Hill Ditch Corporation and active in numerous other matters in which the welfare of the community was concerned.

MARY B. HAMILTON AND HER SIX SONS

She has been a leader in politics having attended all of the County and State Conventions.

In the long years she has served few if any women in the church have been more diligent and faithful in visiting the homes of the sick and responding to the call of the needy, thereby fulfilling the Master's measure of true service.

Living the Word of Wisdom

By Annie Clark Kimball

"And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."

THE Latter-day Saint mother has one dear desire, one constant hope, one earnest prayer: "Let my children know the truth as I know it and have integrity to live in harmony with that knowledge." She is grateful to the officials of our church for the rebuttal now in action against the vigorous advertising campaign by the tobacco interests. If, by sustaining that rebuttal with enthusiasm, she can fortify her dear ones against steadily advancing evil and give them that which will lift them above temptation, sincere gratitude will well from the very depths of her soul.

The mother as guardian of the home can watch that ever potent teacher, Example, in its application to our "Word of Wisdom." When coffee or tea are served upon the family table it is hard to say to the little ones—"but it is not for you." When Father or elder brother use tobacco it is difficult to lead little son to believe that its use would injure him.

Playmates and companions with harmonious ideals help to keep the young, uncertain feet from straying. The scouts are better companions for our boys than are the idlers upon the street corners and our Church Auxiliaries are protecting arms extended to our children. A dear one remarked to me recently that she had found more happiness and received more good from the Gleaner Girls' organization in our Ward than from any sorority either social or professional to which she belongs.

"To be fore-warned is to be forearmed." Would it not help the cause of resistance to prepare our children with information on the attacks they will have to meet and show them how these may be successfully and gracefully refuted?

The radio and bill-board advertisements, the crowd that will ridicule and plead for sociability, the so-called friend who challenges with a dare are stumbling blocks for the unguided and unprepared.

Conversation in our homes may impress and glorify knowledge. There is no lack of information both scientific and testimonial for our use. Youth dreams of achievement and glory. The spirit may desire and yearn but actual earthly success must be won by this human instrument, the body. May it be strong, healthy, uncontaminated and wholly fit!

In a personal way I am grateful for having two degreed physical education majors in our home. Their scientific knowledge of the truth of our "Word of Wisdom" is indeed a treasure.

One of these has enjoyed victories in competitive sports, has traveled far, and through official connections with national organizations has many friends in various parts of the country. Recently I asked her how she feels about the practicability of living the "Word of Wisdom." This is her reply: "Nothing forbidden in the 'Word of Wisdom' has any attraction for me. Not one of those articles means any

more to me than the dust beneath my feet. Many of my friends smoke; sometimes I have been the only one in the party without a cigarette but I know I shall never smoke. At banquets more than once I have been the only one to refuse the *demi-tasse* but coffee has absolutely no appeal for me. I believe my success in my profession is due to a great extent to my living the 'Word of Wisdom.'

"I have always been respected in refusing these things and there are specific instances in which I am sure that refusal has given me increased influence."

It is known widely that the Latter-day Saints stand for high ideals. Their code of living is conspicuously superior. Since in any field, respect is due only to those who stand loyal and true to that which they profess, what a responsibility our children carry!

The Father in our home was attending a Commercial Club dinner. At his table were three prominent business men not of our faith. Suddenly one exclaimed, "Look!" There was one of our Latter-day Saint men lighting a cigarette which he held between his lips. The next remark came, "There's another good Mormon gone wrong."

The activities of life are taking us more and more into distant parts and among all kinds of people. We cannot hedge our children around and shut out all that is evil in this world as it now is, but may we find a way to touch their souls with understanding and with faith that evil shall be no temptation unto them.

Doves of the Sea

By Minnie J. Hardy

I live in the sage and sand,
Where the great Salt Lake appears,
I came a supreme command,
To save the first pioneers.
The marauders came,—a horde,
The weary ones to annoy,
I was his flaming sword,
My mission was—Destroy.

There came a cricket pest,
Black as a winter night;
Then swift from out the west,
Ten thousand wings took flight,
The man was crushed with despair,
But the woman's prayer was heard,
When lo, from out the air,
In answer came—a bird

Then countless forms were lowered,
With never a pause or lull.
'Till life and joy was restored,
With the coming of the gull.
Now I dream of the open sea,
Where the sailor guides his barque
I ride the waves in glee
From crimson dawn 'till dark.

I dine in many a place,
Through the valleys love to roam,
Then the mountain winds out-race
On my happy journey home.
I scream in wild delight,
Encircle the desert land,
Bathe my wings in billows white
Then toss myself on the sand.

When out the moon her anchor lifts
I pose on the Temple spire,
Then some rugged mountain cliff
Fullfills my wild desire.
When the thunder crashes aloud,
And torrents hide the blue,
A silver shaft through the cloud,
A flash—then lost to view.

Of hardships drear I tell,
Of battle, death and tears,
Yet the people speak me well
Through all of the passing years,
Symbol of Divine love
To you I will ever be
God's most beautiful dove
Dove of the mist and the sea.

How to Stage a Flower Show

By Maud Chegwidden

EVERY year we residents of the Rocky Mountain region are becoming more and more conscious of the importance of the finer things in life, those adjuncts to a fuller and more cultured existence. Music and art, poetry and the beauties of nature, are all needed if we intend to make most profitable our years on this earth.

Beautiful gardens have been cared for by the choice people since God first planted a garden and placed Adam there. Solomon speaks in exquisite language of his garden, and it was in a garden that Christ spent some of his most poignant hours. The gardens of history have passed away, but it is our blessed privilege to make gardens today just as lovely.

There is no surer way to get the gardening fever than through a visit to a flower show, and I know of few ways of giving universal pleasure better than through the assembling of the garden flowers of a ward or a stake, where blue ribbons will encourage all to bring their best blooms, and where, after the day's exhibit, the fragrant, bright blossoms may be carried to old and sick folks whose days will thus be brightened and comforted.

It is not an easy job to stage a flower show, if it is to be a worthwhile effort. Forethought and careful preparation are needed.

In the first place, the show must take place in a hall which is large enough to accommodate long tables with plenty of space between for visitors to pass comfortably. I have seen tables placed so closely together that passersby knocked over the vases. There should be good light for the daytime, and ample provisions for lighting at night, for this is when the largest crowds will come.

Do have enough table space, too. Flowers in vases should each have enough space between them that the graceful arrangement may be noted and enjoyed. I have judged at flower shows where the exhibits were so crowded that it was impossible even to see many of the vases. This is unfair to those who bring their flowers to the show.

Although white coverings are almost always used on tables, a neutral grey or green is much better. Besides being more artistic than a dead white, the soft background color shows off the delicate tints and forms of the flowers to best advantage. White detracts from the hues of the blooms, and absorbs too much light.

Advertise that flowers will be received at the hall up to a certain time only, and stick to your word. Ten in the morning is usually a good time. After this lock the doors, so that your judges may work unimpeded and so do their difficult task as quickly and fairly as possible. It is no sinecure to judge a flower show and every consideration should be shown those who freely give their time in this work.

Be sure that you have enough assistants but do not have so many that they are in each other's way, causing a needless confusion. If possible, flowers should be received by the reception committee in an anteroom to the large hall where the show is to be held. In this small room water should be provided, and a large tub or box to receive the broken blossoms and papers and other rubbish. Here entrants may arrange the flowers in the vases which they have brought themselves, and it is a wise plan for the committee to have a number of extra

containers on hand, as some people will be sure to come without.

At the entrance to the large show room from the small room you should have a table with a couple of good penmen, who will assist exhibitors to write the names of their flowers and their own names on the cards provided.

Other members of the committee will now take the vases and place them on the tables. This is most important to the success and beauty of your show. All flowers of one variety should be next to each other, to facilitate judging. It is too bad to expect the judges to hop all over the room, looking for other vases of zinnias in order to make comparisons.

Have vases no more than two deep if possible, so that visitors may see all without having to strain their necks and eyesight. Of course you will keep the shortstemmed flowers in front and the tall ones behind.

It is best to give blue ribbons for first place, red for second and light green for third, as these colors are uniformly used in large shows. Sometimes public spirited citizens or business men, especially those in the nursery business, will give merchandise for special prizes, and this gives added interest to the show.

In staging a flower show, try to get people away from the old-fashioned idea of bringing mixed bouquets of flowers. Each variety should be displayed alone, both for the best effect and for ease in judging. Only the natural foliage of the flowers should be used, ferns and other greenery having no place in a flower show.

Encourage exhibitors to know their flowers by name. Roses all have names, such as Radiance, Claudius Pernet, or Etoile de France. You wouldn't have much opinion of a mother or father who couldn't remember the names of their children, would you? Flower children should be known just as intimately by their growers.

A flower show may be held at almost any time, but during the very hottest weeks of summer it is hard to keep blooms from wilting. May is a fine time to hold a spring flower show, for at that time there are tulips, some early irises, some late daffodils, bleeding hearts, some of the flowering shrubs, and a few of the alpine plants.

Every community should hold a rose show in June. The world has no flower more universally beloved than the rose, and we here in the western states have much in our favor for growth of fine roses. Besides roses, at this show one may have delphiniums, candidum lilies, late peonies, and dozens of other perennials; but the rose should reign supreme.

In early fall a flower show may feature dahlias, gladioli and late blooming perennials. House plants may always be included in shows, for there are many months of winter when these form our only horticultural delight, and a good collection of pot plants is something to be proud of.

A word should be said about containers for the flowers, for many a pretty bouquet has been spoiled by being thrust into a milk bottle. Don't use these narrownecked bottles; they crowd the flowers and hold them in unnatural positions. Flowers spring from the ground and spread outwards, and vases or bottles should be used which approximate this form as much as possible. If one with wide spreading mouth cannot be found, one with straight up-and-down sides is all right.

Plain glass pickle jars have frequently got very good lines, and a coat of enamel in a neutral color

will make a splendid vase. Black enamel is very smart at the present time, and shows off most flowers to excellent advantage. Ivory, tan, soft green are all good colors for any tint of blooms, while pinks, lavenders and yellows should be used only for flowers of the same color.

If you have never put on a flower show in your community, try one this year and help to make yours a garden city. Only by spreading the flower gospel from town to town will we make this a nation of beautiful gardens surrounding happy homes.

A PRETTY FALL SCENE IN IDAHO

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON was an honored guest on the occasion of the dedication of the monument at Independence Rock, Wyoming. The party trekked over the covered wagon trail and located and marked the spot where lie buried 200 sufferers of the handcart company who perished from cold and hunger in 1856.

MRS. IDA SMOOT-DUSENBERRY, recently returned from a world tour says India is the most interesting country, and Ghandi the strongest personality. At Honolulu she visited Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde, Commissioner of Customs at that Port.

"She smiled at weary feet
And said of waxing age,
'Would I be robbed
Of life's last page?'"

OLD Folks' Day in Liberty Park when 2,100 aged guests were served a delicious dinner by the Relief Societies of Salt Lake County was a day always to be remembered by those who attended the unique occasion.

THERE seems no field of endeavor denied women. Miss Margaret Stoughton of North Carolina is now in the Forestry Department. She is studying trees in the Appalachian district.

WONDERS never cease. The women of Istanbul, Turkey, having discarded their veils are campaigning for office in the municipal council.

WOULDN'T the schoolgirl be sweeter if she used more soap and less paint in her make-up?

WILLA CATHER, the author, is the first woman to receive an honorary degree from Princeton. Miss Cather was recently given the degree of doctor of letters.

Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau at Washington and Grace Coolidge were each awarded a gold medal from the National Institute of Social Sciences.

FRAU EINSTEIN proved a wholesome point in relativity while on her visit to America when she chose a modest bungalow in which to do her own work to the magnificent residence proffered by California.

MADAM SCHUMANN HEINK is also an advocate of the simple life. She says "work is happiness, housekeeping, bearing and rearing children, these are all happiness."

THOUGH Amelia Earhart Putman and Ruth Nichols, the two most famous women aviators have met with painful accidents, they still intend to carry on—Miss Nichols to make her solo flight across the Atlantic and Mrs. Putnam to continue demonstrating with her autogyro.

AT the season's Court at Buckingham Palace, twenty American women were presented to King George and Queen Mary. Royalty seems to still have its attractions.

WILHELMINA, popular Queen of the Netherlands is the world's senior ruler since the expulsion of Alphonso from Spain.

THE tragic fate of Helen of Rumania and Victoria of Spain afford interesting material for the romanticist and artist, but are positive proof of the old adage "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The world is full of loneliness
Let hearts be glad.

Notes from the Field

CIRCLEVILLE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
India Johnson, President

Garfield Stake (Circleville Ward)

THE above interesting picture is that of the Circleville Ward Relief Society. Four of the oldest members of the Relief Society are here represented, in addition to the younger women. The picture is quite typical of the groups of women all over the Church who have responded so generously to the request made for the organizations to plant a memorial tree this year.

Beaver Stake.

ON March 29, 1931, the Beaver stake Relief Society was reorganized. After ten years of faithful service, the following stake executive officers were released. Mrs. Susan J. Murdock, president; Mrs. Annie E. Joseph, first counselor; Mrs. S. Jennie Tanner, second counselor; Mrs. Alice G. White, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Martha A. Hoopes assistant secretary-treasurer. Under the leadership of these able sisters, the Beaver stake has endeavored always to keep in step with the march of progress of the Relief Society, and has been an enth siastic supporter of the program work as it has been suggested the General Board. The very b wishes of the people of Beaver a of the General Board of Relief S ciety, go with these sisters in th retirement from office.

The newly appointed officers a Mrs. Kate Jensen, president; M Lacy Nowers, first counselor; M Lucille Murdock, second counsel Mrs. Lovina Pearce, secretary-tre urer. To the new officers the g eral organization extends congra lations, and best wishes for a pr perous and happy administration the Relief Society in the Bea stake.

Alberta Stake.

THE international scope of R lief Society is well demonstr ed in the activities of the organi tion. From all parts of the Uni States, we have interesting accou of the tree planting of our sisters memory of the bicentennial an versary of the birth of Geo

Washington. From the sisters of the North, we have the following interesting report, showing that the spirit of Relief Society carries over the same in one land as in another.

The above picture shows the group particularly concerned in the planting of the trees in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. The following account is given in a newspaper clipping: "Last Monday afternoon at 4:30 p. m., the members of the Alberta Stake Relief Society, and the ward presidents of the two Cardston wards, and a number of citizens, met at the Soldiers' Monument at the Court House in Cardston, for the purpose of planting some trees. Five elm trees were chosen, and planted in honor of the Fathers of the Confederation. Mrs. Dora Jacobs explained the purpose of these trees being planted in loving memory of those thirty-three splendid men whom we all revere as the Fathers of the Confederation. Miss Jennie Hinman conducted a chorus of twenty school children, who sang "O Canada," and then gave a salute to the flag. Mr. Rulon E. Hicken, principal of the High School, delivered the address, and told of the obstacles which confronted the founding of Canada, and of the spirit of fortitude and courage with which difficulties had been overcome. He went on to pay tribute to the women's organizations, in playing a leading part in honoring these worthy men, among whom were Sir John A. McDonald, George Brown, George Carties, and many others. Mr. Hicken briefly reviewed some of the Governmental Acts which had been passed in an attempt to solve the governing of Canada, viz., the Act of Union, and a concerted effort to bring about the Confederation of 1867.

Five trees were planted, three on the east side and two on the north side of the monument erected by the loyal citizens of Cardston to the memory of their departed soldiers. The tree next north from the monument was given by the Hartley Relief Society, the second by the Kimball. The first tree on the east was donated by the stake board of Relief Society, the second tree by the Cardston Second Ward Relief Society, the third by the First Ward Relief Society, showing that all were interested in the movement. President Wood of the Alberta stake, expressed his appreciation for the efforts of the Relief Society women in planting the trees near to the monument of the soldier boys. He thought it a fitting manner of showing their appreciation for this monument, and the boys who had given their lives for their country.

The concluding remarks of Mr. Hicken were as follows: 'Then let these trees, planted by loving and patriotic hands, and nurtured by this virgin soil, the sunshine and dews of heaven, grow to be fitting monuments to the wisdom and foresight of those Pioneer Canadian States-

men, whose memory we love to honor.'" This is quite typical of the spirit of the organization, that everywhere wishes to play its part in the march onward and upward.

San Luis Stake.

THE accompanying photograph was taken at a very pleasant social held by the stake board of Relief Society of the San Luis stake. This happy event was held at the home of Mrs. Mary E. Poulson, who had served faithfully for several years as a member of the board, and had only recently been released because of poor health. A program was rendered, and tributes were paid to Sister Poulson, calling attention, with words of love and good feeling, to the wonderful service she had rendered, and also expressing regret at her release. These were accompanied with the hope that she would have a speedy return to health. Dainty refreshments were served, and a very delightful time was enjoyed.

The San Luis stake is very proud to have Sister Cornelia Mortensen, an aged pioneer and Relief Society worker in the stake. She has served as both a ward and stake president. As a board the efforts of the women have been to put into effect the program of Relief Society work as fully as it is possible. On the second Wednesday of each month the board holds its meeting, going into the homes of the various members where the business of the organization for the coming month, and preparation for the same, may be made. The informal social hour after each meeting has added greatly to the enjoyment of the stake board, and has been a means of drawing them nearer together and forming a stronger bond of acquaintanceship and sympathy one with another.

Montpelier Stake.

DURING the months of January and February, there have been four conventions held. The stake

Front row, left to right: Coun. Jennie Weimer, St. Pres. Martha Haskell, Cornelia Mortensen. Coun. Lauretta Peterson.
Second row: Ella O. Rasmussen, Bernice Rogers, Nonnie DePriest, Ella Jackson, Jennie DePriest, Organist.

as divided into the four districts, ree districts comprising three ards each, and the remaining one our wards. The general outline of e program followed was: begining at 11 o'clock, lessons were iven by competent class leaders. hese were followed by musical lections, and timely instructions y members of the Relief Soiety stake board. There were lso readings suitable to the ocasion. Following this luncheon vas served and the afternoon was evoted to games and social enterainment. The members of the take board presented the one-act lay, called "The Bank Account." At these conventions the stake presiency, and the Bishops and their ounselors, added greatly to the enoyable and instructive occasion. The total attendance at these four onventions was 396. They have esulted in a marked increase in attendance at regular Relief Society meetings in all the wards. As a conclusion the members of the stake board, with their partners and Stake Presidency, and guests enjoyed the evening in games and entertainment at the home of a board member.

Union Stake.

THE 17th of March, 1931, was the occasion for special programs in the Relief Societies of the Union stake. Every ward depicted either by pageant or play, the first organization of Relief Society in Nauvoo. Songs suitable for the event were rendered. In some of the wards plays chosen from the literature course of the year were presented. Pageants and scenes from the *Book of Mormon* were given, and a five minute debate suggested by the social service work—"Resolved, that a woman of 45 cannot change her habits." This was a source of much entertainment. One ward gave a dance in the evening, at which the membership of the entire ward was in attendance.

Mary E. Poulson, Amelia Poulson, Leatha Sowards, chorister. The lady at the back Mrs. Van Tradenburg, brought members in her car from Manassa.

The above picture is taken of the First Ward of LaGrande, in the Union stake, and it is a presentation of the first organization.

Notes to the Field

A Wonderful Magazine Subscription Campaign

The officers of the 20th ward, Ensign Stake, have demonstrated what determination and efficient work can do in increasing *Magazine* subscriptions. Increasing their list from 17 to 101 subscriptions is a record to be proud of. We asked the president to tell us how they did it. The following article will give inspiration to other wards to materially increase their lists.—Editor.

By Vivian McConkie

TO give a word picture of the accomplishments of a loyal and faithful group of Relief Society sisters in a particular activity is not easy and I respond timidly with the doubtful hope that my brief resume will answer the query of the editor.

In our March union meeting Sister Castleton, Ensign Stake Relief Society President, suggested a drive for magazine subscriptions. At our ward society conference a few days previous the stake officers reported that the 20th ward was by far the lowest in magazine subscriptions in the Stake, both in numbers and in percentage. Ours was a newly officered society and we were further handicapped in that our magazine agent, recently appointed, was out of the city. For that reason the ward executives assumed personal charge. We made a careful survey of our membership, learned who the present subscribers were, checked with the records of the general office, and in all things acquainted ourselves with the details of the work. We determined who could and those who probably could not subscribe.

At the outset we sought to radiate the feeling that whatever we really want to do,—that which we set our hearts upon, we can do. The executives were enthused and that enthusiasm carried over to the members. A percentage scale of mental attitudes was written on a black board and left in our room. It was as follows.

100	I did.
90	I will.
80	I can.
70	I think I can.
60	I might.
50	I think I might.
40	I wish I could.
30	What is it?
20	I don't know.
10	I can't.
0	I won't.

WE adopted the slogan, "A magazine for every member," and devoted a two minute period of each meeting to creating interest and organization pride, at which meetings our progress was fully reported. We saw the necessity of a magazine fund and so cast our eyes about to see how it might be secured. A local laundry was discovered which, for advertising purposes, offered our organization 25 cents for each member who would inspect its plant. Our members approved of this opportunity and the little scheme netted us $15.00. Each woman who visited the laundry was given 25 cents credit toward a magazine subscription, or if already a subscriber she could designate to whom the credit should go. Many who could not go on this inspection trip voluntarily gave a like sum to the fund. The result was that an additional sum sufficient to off set the credit used from the laundry

und was received, leaving at the lisposal of the organization $15.00. This made it possible to put fifteen nagazines in homes of members who for some reason, had not subcribed but who in our opinion would appreciate it. Every woman in the 20th ward knew that an intensive nagazine drive was on and our eachers were asked to encourage prospective subscribers. On work lays selected articles which radiated human interest and touched the experiences of all, were read to the sisters while they sewed. Such fine support and enthusiasm was shown hat certain women who felt themselves able to do so subscribed for others. Finally, but pursuant to our original plan, a member of the presidency personally contacted those who had not placed their subscriptions and secured a generous response. Our survey had revealed hat only a few of the seventeen subscriptions of 1930 had been renewed so our start was practically from the bottom. There are at present 101 subscriptions in the ward, which is slightly less than 100 per cent of our members but practically every member has access to the magazine. We acknowledge with gratitude the loyalty and faithfulness of our whole membership, who by sane and loyal cooperation, without any hardship on any one, crowned our efforts with success, and the splendid magazine now published is ample compensation for our labors.

TO OUR CLASS LEADERS

CULTIVATE the art of teaching. We should not have one ward this year where the class leader does all the work and the class members have things poured into them week after week. Occasionally lectures may be desirable, but to go to meeting and have the so-called leader continually take up all the time, pouring out information, shows very poor work. Some teachers say they do not know how to draw people out. We assure them that the art can be cultivated, and they will thrill with joy when they get the backward members expressing themselves. It might help such class leaders to write out a few simple questions to ask the class until they can draw people out with greater ease.

Every teacher should be sure that her assignment arouses the interest of the class members and invites them to read and study the next lesson, beginning at the earliest possible moment.

This year we are going to lay special stress on participation by the class in the lessons, so an effort should be made to get the Magazine in the hands of all who attend and then they should be encouraged to read and study the lessons so that they come to the class with something to give. In this condition they will be able to receive much more than when they hardly know what the lesson is about.

RELIEF SOCIETY TWO-DAY CONVENTIONS, 1931

Alberta	August 15-16
Bannock	October 24-25
Big Horn	August 29-30
Blaine	August 15-16
Boise	September 12-13
Carbon	September 26-27
Curlew	October 17-18
Duchesne	August 22-23
Emery	October 24-25
Garfield	August 15-16
Idaho	August 29-30
Juarez	September 5-6
Kanab	August 29-30
Lethbridge	August 15-16
Lost River	October 17-18

Lyman .....October 17-18
Maricopa .....November 14-15
Moapa .....September 19-20
Nevada .....October 17-18
Panguitch .....August 29-30
Raft River .....September 12-13
Roosevelt .....August 22-23
St. George .....September 19-20
St. Johns .....August 15-16
St. Joseph .....September 5-6
San Juan .....September 12-13
San Luis .....September 19-20
Snowflake .....August 22-23
Star Valley .....September 19-20
Taylor .....August 22-23
Uintah .....August 22-23
Union .....September 19-20
Wayne .....October 17-18
Woodruff .....October 10-11
Young .....September 19-20
Zion Park .....September 5-6

RELIEF SOCIETY ONE-DAY CONFERENCES, 1931

Alpine .....October 18
Bear Lake .....August 23
Bear River .....September 13
Beaver .....September 13
Benson .....October 25
Blackfoot .....September 20
Box Elder .....September 13
Burley .....September 13
Cache .....October 25
Cassia .....September 13
Cottonwood .....October 11
Deseret .....August 30
East Jordan .....August 30
Ensign .....October 25
Franklin .....September 20
Fremont .....October 18
Granite .....November 15
Grant .....October 11
Gunnison .....October 18
Hollywood .....November 15
Hyrum .....October 18
Idaho Falls .....September 13
Juab .....September 27
Kolob .....October 18
Lehi .....September 20
Liberty .....October 11
Logan .....August 30
Los Angeles .....November 8
Malad .....October 18
Millard .....August 30
Minidoka .....October 18
Montpelier .....August 23
Morgan .....August 30
Moroni .....September 27
Mt. Ogden .....September 22
Nebo .....September 20
North Davis .....September 17
North Sanpete .....September 13
North Sevier .....September 13
North Weber .....November 8
Ogden .....September 22
Oneida .....September 20
Oquirrh .....October 25
Palmyra .....September 20
Parowan .....August 30
Pioneer .....October 25
Pocatello .....September 20
Portneuf .....September 20
Rigby .....September 13
Salt Lake .....October 11
San Francisco .....October 25
Sevier .....September 13
Sharon .....October 25
Shelley .....September 13
South Davis .....September 13
South Sanpete .....September 27
South Sevier .....October 18
Summit .....August 30
Teton .....September 20
Timpanogos .....October 11
Tintic .....September 27
Tooele .....September 20
Twin Falls .....September 20
Utah .....October 11
Wasatch .....August 23
Weber .....September 22
West Jordan .....October 25
Yellowstone .....August 30

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Vol. XVIII AUGUST, 1931 No. 8

EDITORIAL

Worthy of Emulation

IN the passing of Nathan Straus who died January 11, 1931, when nearly eighty-three years of age, there passed from the world one of its most beloved men and one of its greatest philanthropists. He is known internationally for his numerous bequests and charities. His beneficence was practical—he had known hunger and to him it typified all suffering, so he waged war on it. It is estimated that he gave away about two million, five hundred thousand dollars during his life time. An old Talmudic saying was a favorite maxim of his, "What a man gives in health is gold; what a man gives in illness is silver; what a man gives in death is lead." He was a pioneer in pasteurization of milk, although he knew nothing about bacteriology; yet he felt that disease lurked in the unpasateurized milk, so he waged a long battle before he was able to establish a pasteurization station. He organized thirty-two milk stations at which three thousand poor children were fed daily. He distributed pasteurized milk from his own laboratories that were maintained at his own expense, selling it at 1c a bottle. It is estimated that he thus saved thousands of children from tuberculosis. During the Spanish American War he donated an ice plant to Santiago, Cuba, and at Farmington, New Jersey, in 1909, he established the first tuberculosis preventorium. He contributed to the soup kitchens maintained in Jerusalem since 1912, where 1,700 people are fed daily. He financed many depots organized to distribute relief to the poor. During the later years of his life, he was deeply interested in the Zionist movement and also in the world peace movement.

During his long life he exhibited a Christ-like spirit of service. His

instructions regarding his funeral set an example that might well be followed. He left instructions for a simple funeral. He desired that no formal eulogy, no praise, and no flowers should mark his last rites. He said, "I dislike to see these great funerals. These large sums should be spent for the betterment of mankind." William Lyon Phelps read a brief eulogy of his life, with no undue stress upon his many benificent works.

Would that people generally would take this lesson to heart. All too often funerals are too costly. Very often the deceased is lauded unduly. Too little of the meaning of life, death, and the resurrection is voiced. Hundreds of dollars worth of flowers die a few hours after the services. Often the family are in need and the money spent for flowers might more profitably be given to help defray the funeral expenses.

Let Us Improve

WHEN people are given a certain amount of time on a program, it is not right for them to exceed the specified time. If they do, they crowd those who come last on the program so that they cannot do justice to their subjects. Often speakers are unconscious that they are going beyond their allotted time, so it is the obligation of the presiding officer to see that they are told when their time is up. The general president of an auxiliary organization was recently asked to be the principal speaker at a meeting. Those who preceded her on the program took nearly all the time—only five minutes was left for the speaker of the evening. Comments are unnecessary. We have seen people gather in large numbers expecting to hear one of the General Authorities of the Church, and local brethren who were expected to speak briefly have taken practically all the time and the congregation has gone away disappointed and disgusted.

Sometimes listeners note some trifling inaccuracy made by a speaker and disturb the trend of his thought by calling attention to it in the course of his remarks. Sometimes the speaker was right and the critic wrong, but the peace of the meeting was disturbed. Is it not better to make any necessary corrections of flagrant mistakes at the close of the speaker's address? All unconsciously some people bother a speaker. Recently I heard a woman say, "Those sitting back of me talked so much I thought I had said something wrong, so I became confused." A speaker has the right to be quietly heard.

Our New Covers

WE hope our readers will enjoy the new cover designs. They have messages that are worth getting. The Pioneer Mother of July. shows the intrepid, the fearless, the undaunted spirit that went right on surmounting one difficulty after another, doing the day's duties, whatever they might be, and unafraid of what the morrow might demand.

Those who have taken their vacations, those who are now taking them or those who are contemplating the pleasure of one, will feel the joy, the freedom, the uplift of the wholesome play spirit as shown on this month's cover.

Be sure to drink in the messages our artists have for us in our covers.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

THE BOOK OF MORMON—INTRODUCTORY

PREFATORY NOTES

There are nine lessons in this course. They are chiefly the teachings of the *Book of Mormon*. The purpose of the course is not primarily to learn the doctrines of that volume, although these should be known, but rather to find out what bearing they have on the divine origin of the Nephite Record and the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. With this in mind, some attention has been given to the religious ideas that were in the air at the time he was translating the book.

Instead of giving a large number of references for the class to look up, it has been deemed better to make quotations in the body of the lessons. This will no doubt lessen the time for preparation and conduce to better classes. The only disadvantage is that it takes up space in the *Magazine* that heretofore has been given to other uses.

These lessons are by no means exhaustive. There are many points that are not even touched upon here. Space and time are too limited to cover everything doctrinal in the Record. The class should, therefore, make use of the work they were asked to do during the previous two years in setting down, under separate headings, the teachings of the *Book of Mormon*. And this record should be made use of here. It will supplement what is said in these lessons.

A greater number of questions are given this year than the last two years. The reason is that we have hoped to cover some points in the questions that there was not space for in the body of the lesson. It is our belief that these will help to broaden the scope of the course. We have aimed, also, in these questions to make the work apply more closely to the present.

Select Readings: Read the Book of Ether, chapters 2 to 6 and chapters 11, 12, 13. Make a note of the doctrines taught.

INTRODUCTORY

Is there another life, and, if there is, how are we to know it for certain?

No question is older than that.

When the first man went away without his body and did not come back, but left it on the ground or in the rude bed, cold and dank, those who were left behind and who had loved him and were sad because he was gone must have wondered and asked one another whether they would ever see him again, and if so, where, and when, and under what circumstances.

And no question is more insistently asked today.

Every one who thinks at all asks it, whether he lives in the frozen north, or at the equator under the broiling sun, or in the temperate zones where life can be lived more comfortably. They ask it as passionately who live in the luxury of the palace, where there is plenty and ease, as do those who occupy the hovel, amid want and suffering. And

all down the ages since that first one died men of every clime and class have turned their eyes toward the "bourne whence no one returns" to take up again his way of life.

And what answers have these received to their question about death and the great Beyond?

First of all, they have racked their brains to find an answer to this question in their own heads—have tried, that is, to reason their way to an answer that is satisfactory.

"All men everywhere," they have said to themselves, "believe in immortality, no matter where they live, or when, or how, and therefore there *must* be another life after this." And for hundreds of years this "argument," as it was called, was thought one of the "proofs" of immortality.

But now we know better. Now we realize that it is not true, because it is not based on a fact. All men do *not* believe in another life. The millions of East Indians do not—at least, not in our sense. When a Christian says he believes in the next world, he is thinking that there he will exist as an individual consciousness, a being capable of thinking and feeling and willing. But when a Buddhist says he believes in another life, he is not thinking of that at all, but of something very different. He is thinking of the time when his individuality will be absorbed by the all-consciousness, the great Nervana.

Besides, an American professor discovered through a questionnaire that a great many people in this nation—university students as well as some great scholars—do not believe in individual immortality. Many of them, in fact, do not even desire individual immortality, as he also found. To them the other world is a matter of utter indifference. That is what they would have us believe, at any rate. And most likely if an inquiry were set on foot there would be found people in every other country of the same mind.

Hence, an argument based on the notion that there must be another life after this because everybody believes in one, breaks down when it is examined closely.

And then, too, people have argued that there must be another life for the reason that we do not get justice in this world. The wicked flourish, we are told, while the righteous are crushed and unhappy.

What about that "argument"?

Well, it just isn't true—that is all. The wicked do *not* prosper here in the true sense of the word, nor are the righteous miserable. No doubt some wicked men become rich through their greed and chicanery; and no doubt some very good people are poor. But money is not the real standard of measuring values, although it often appears to be. There is the higher value of individual worth. Every hour and every minute we are paid for what we do in this world. We do not have to wait for another world in which to obtain our reward and our punishment for the deeds done in the body. "The ledger of the Almighty," as Professor Huxley used to say, "is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun—and more so."

So the argument that there is another life because in this world people do not get their just deserts, falls to the ground for want of support.

And then, finally—not to exhaust the list of "arguments drawn from reason"—there is the one called "moral perfection." It runs something like this: Man is a moral being. Apparently he is capable of

progressing morally and spiritually almost without limit. But no sooner does he enter upon the road to perfection than he dies with this promise unfulfilled. Hence there must be a sphere beyond the grave where this capacity for moral perfection is satisfied. For God would not put something into your hand only to snatch it away when you were about to use it.

Of the three reasons for believing in the immortality of the soul, this is the only one that appeals to the modern mind as having any basis in truth, and the more we consider it the more it appeals. But it does not have the weight that is necessary to convince—else every one would be converted to the Christian belief in immortality. So mankind has had to look somewhere else than to a human deduction for evidence that there is a life after this.

That evidence is found in the resurrection of our Savior, as given in the *New Testament*.

Jesus, to all appearance, was a man. He grew up in the village of Nazareth a carpenter. He lived with other men. He ate their food, slept in their beds, and dressed as they did. He became a great teacher, and had a large following.

Then he was murdered by jealous contemporaries. His body was placed in a sepulchre, after the manner of his time and country. And a Roman guard was set to watch the tomb, because he had told his disciples that he would rise from the dead on the third day. And those disciples declared that he did rise from the dead, that he appeared to them on various occasions, and that they conversed and ate with him. Nor was that all. An institution was founded on this fact of his resurrection, which has continued for more than nineteen centuries.

Reduced to its ultimate, the fact of Christ's resurrection rests on the testimony of Paul, the apostle, who did not see Jesus till after the ascension. In his letter to the Corinthians he says:

"I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received—how that Christ died for our sins; that he was buried; that he rose again the third day; that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this day, but some are fallen asleep; that afterwards he was seen of James, then of all the apostles; and that, last of all, he was seen of me, as of one born out of due time."

Many attempts have been made, especially in our own era, to break down this testimony of Paul's. Holsten, for instance, tried to show that Paul's vision was an hallucination; Pfleiderer, that he made it up, for his theory of "counter-tendencies" amounts to that; and Renan, that it was the result of a physical disability in the apostle. And a Protestant bishop in England attributes the vision to an epileptic fit. All these critics resort to these hypotheses, however, only because of an obsession against the miraculous element in religion.

But so far no effort has been successful in breaking down the force of Paul's testimony to the resurrection of Christ. And so, with Bauer, who also was unfriendly to the miraculous, we are compelled to admit that the conversion of Saul of Tarsus "resists all historical, logical, and psychological analysis." This is because it is bed-rocked in an experience, not in a course of reasoning.

This testimony of Paul's, of course, is strongly bulwarked by the fact of Christianity itself. For no institution could influence for good the lives of countless millions of men

and women, let alone have altered the entire course of history and shaped the destiny of strong men and nations as the religion of Jesus has done, unless there were at the heart of it somewhere a deep, elemental truth. And, say what you will, the core of the Christian religion as established by Jesus and his apostles, is the resurrection of Christ. Thus the faith of millions of intelligent people throughout the world and for many centuries, rests upon the validity of a miracle.

"Sir," said old Boswell to Johnson, "the evidences of a future life are sufficient." And the great literary dictator replied in his gruff manner, "Sir, I could wish for more."

If the evidences of a future life were sufficient, as Boswell thought, how is it then that the whole world has not been converted? Boswell would have had a hard time explaining that. But Johnson was right. There is a need for more evidence that there is a future life.

But where are we to look for such evidence? Not to human reasoning. That source, it seems, has long been exhausted. Not to the New Testament, for every nook and cranny of that volume has been critically inspected. Indeed, the more that source is looked into, the more doubt is thrown upon the possibility of the resurrection from the dead. The only bit of evidence that remains from that source, as already stated, is the testimony of Paul.

Our only hope, therefore, for any new evidence of the reality of a life after this lies in the expectation that God may grant us further light on that greatest of all questions through new revelation.

That light has been given man.

Joseph Smith, the prophet of the nineteenth century, claimed to have seen a resurrected man, not once only, but many times. This personage, he further declares, conversed with him for hours at a time. Moreover, he instructed him in his work as prophet and seer in this dispensation. Finally, this heavenly being placed in his hands a book of gold plates on which was written, in an ancient language, the history of an extinct race, the ancestors of the American Indians.

Now, the evidence that Joseph Smith was telling the truth runs along two lines.

First, there is the book itself. Who wrote it, if Joseph Smith did not? No competent critic nowadays, with all the facts before him, believes that either Solomon Spaulding or Sidney Rigdon had anything to do with writing it. Besides, it is highly improbable, to say the least, that a boy without education or experience in such things, could have written such a book. And then, finally, there could have been no motive to write a book that would give him neither fame nor money. So we must accept the Prophet's own explanation of how the *Book of Mormon* originated as the only really plausible one.

Now, there are some things in the *Book of Mormon* which corroborate Joseph Smith's story. It is full of interesting characters and ideas that its author could not possibly have got from the people he knew or the conditions in Palmyra at the time. These personalities and doctrines, when we look into the matter closely, tend to show the truth of Joseph Smith's explanation of how we got the Nephite record.

Secondly, there is the testimony of the witnesses—two sets. One set testify that they saw and handled the plates from which the book was translated; the other, that they both saw the plates and the angel and

heard the voice of God on the occasion.

The divine origin of the *Book of Mormon* being thus established by its doctrines and by the testimony of witnesses, we may feel safe in saying that Joseph Smith actually saw and talked with a resurrected being—the angel Moroni. Also we may feel safe in using the contents of the work to clarify our ideas on the great question of the immortality of the soul—the world of spirits between death and the resurrection, the resurrection itself, and the conditions under which immortal beings may expect to live in the next world.

Thus the *Book of Mormon,* with associated incidents, reflects new light on the question, Is there another life?

Questions

1. Briefly state the point that it is expected you are to keep in mind throughout this course.
2. Which of the three reasons for a belief in immortality still has weight? Why does it?
3. Give the apostle Paul's testimony to the resurrection of Christ. Why is it so invulnerable?
4. Can one person *know* anything from another's experience? What, then, is the value of others' testimony to us?

Work and Business

(Second Week in October)

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew 5:19.

THE Ten Commandments, given through Moses to the children of Israel, are commandments to the people of all times.

While prophets were preaching to the people on the Eastern continent, other prophets were preaching to the Nephites and Lamanites on this continent, and Christ appeared to them also, and taught them. We find in the Book of Mormon, III Nephi, 12:20: "Therefore come unto me and be ye saved; for verily I say unto you, that except ye shall keep my commandments, which I have commanded you at this time, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Christ established His Church on both continents. It was lost sight of and then again restored and established again on the earth through the latter-day prophet Joseph Smith, Through him commandments were given to his followers that are quite as binding as those enunciated anciently. He taught his people in no uncertain language their obligations concerning law observance. "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law." Articles of Faith. No. XII.

At the present time special emphasis is being placed on the Word of Wisdom. Every Relief Society member should do her part to further this campaign. Quote the part

of the Word of Wisdom that refers to tobacco.

What can we do to teach most effectively this part of the Word of Wisdom to our children?

What can we do to create public sentiment against tobacco?

What can we do to sustain the law that forbids the sale of tobacco to minors?

Literature

(Third Week in October)

The Short Story in Denmark

The short story in Denmark, as in the other Scandinavian countries—Iceland, Norway, and Sweden—has a much briefer history than in the countries studied in last year's lessons. To sketch this history very briefly, there were first the Icelandic sagas, songs of the gods and of the national heroes, many of which were told to us as children. These sagas found their way into all the Scandinavian nations. In Denmark there were always a number of poets, but during that country's alliance with Norway, it produced one great prose writer, Ludvig Holberg (1684 to 1754). Holberg was a writer of comedies, histories, and philosophy. After him prose languished and revived again in the early part of the nineteenth century, Moller and Blicher being the two greatest writers. It remained for Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875) to bring Danish prose to its greatest heights and to give to the world another immortal writer of short stories.

In many ways Andersen belonged to the Romantic writers of Europe, men who strove for romantic effects, who tried to bring Nature into their writings, to oppose classicism, and to glorify the past at the expense of the present. He, however, differed from many of the Romanticists in that he believed in progress. Both his poetry and prose show glimpses of the changes that science might some day make. He often dreamed of a time when men would travel from the old world to the new in airships.

A poor shoemaker's son who never grew up was Hans Christian Andersen. He believed implicitly that God guided all his work—and if a story was good or bad, it was the fault of a higher power. It was his good fortune to gain fame as a novelist and as a travel writer, but it is for his fairy tales that his name will endure.

After the Romanticists came the Naturalists, writers who ruled Europe during the latter part of the nineteenth century, some years before they gained a following in America. Many writers developed in this era and the twentieth century has seen a reaction against too much realism. Some of the outstanding short story writers in Denmark during the past forty or fifty years are: Jens Peter Jacobsen, Henrik Pontoppidan, Herman Bang, Karl Gjellerup, Karl Larsen, and Johannes V. Jensen, the latter being a central figure among contemporary Danish writers.

Only two of the Danish writers have been elected for this lesson, Hans Christian Andersen, whose name is known to all America, and Meyer Aron Goldschmidt. Goldschmidt was a Danish-Jew who was an editor of a satirical comic paper. In addition he wrote novels and short stories. His "Henrik and Rosalie"

s considered one of the finest love stories of any language. He is a stylist, and in this story his style is smooth and simple, save to those who know how hard it is to achieve simplicity. It is in harmony with his characters, simple, honest people, struggling for "life's poetry" and gaining it through unromantic ways. He also has a firm grip on his characters, perhaps because of his detached view of both the Danish and the Jewish people.

"Henrik and Rosalie"

"Henrik and Rosalie" is a beautiful love story. It has for its underlying theme the thought expressed in the first few lines, that fate plays queer tricks and that even small things of seeming unimportance may change a man's destiny. The story is presented in the third person—the author speaking impersonally. It varies from one of the requirements of a good short story in that the point of view is suddenly changed near the end of the story. For a moment, when Rosalie is again brought into the story, the reader is at a loss, and he does not quite find himself before Henrik is re-introduced. And the story loses, rather than gains, by this transition. The most important information given by the episode of Rosalie at the country estate is that she is still looking for her poetic romance. This trait of hers should be emphasized earlier in the story and the tale would gain in unity.

Save for the halt at the very first, when the writer expounds his philosophy, the story plunges early into the action and moves smoothly and fast to the close. The action, however, is delayed once by the introduction of the Rosalie episode. The close is drawn out, but it seems a necessary part of the atmosphere of the story and it helps to further reveal the characters of Henrik and Rosalie.

The story is a realistic one—it might have happened to a great many people that we know or have heard about—and there is not one single incident in it that does not ring true. The conflict is not, as in the Andersen story, one of parental opposition, for Rosalie has no parents. It is that conflict caused by a young romantic girl who decides that her love affair is too prosaic and that she must end it and either wait for her lover to develop into a more poetic person or else seek for romance elsewhere. True to adolescent traits, the inciting action is a visit to the theatre, where romance is shown, unhampered with any of the dull colors that move through Rosalie's life. And the hero, Henrik, like most men, fails to understand the girl's need and allows love to pass out of his life. The rest of the story is an account of how they are brought together, Rosalie satisfied and Henrik more understanding. Fate, in this case, takes the form of a stupid farmer who has a sick pig and mistakes the young physician for a veterinary.

Although the love story is uppermost, the tale affords excellent character study, particularly in Henrik. Henrik is young and almost as impressionable as Rosalie. Because their love is so idealistic, he decides to become a student of divinity, and when she leaves him, he changes to his former preference—medicine. He has no consuming ambition, no great moral strength or talent, nor even decision enough to bring Rosalie back. Indeed he is not master enough of the situation to have his way with the simple peasant. But he is a likeable young person, ambitious in a small way, eager to make

his way honorably in the world, and we are glad that happiness comes to him, even though he gets it more through a trick of fate or luck than through his own efforts.

The story also has its touches of local color that give it enduring qualities: the provincial town, the farmer and his sick pig, Henrik and his physician's stool, the heath in a storm. There is also a little gentle satire in the end. The romantic girl chooses to believe that it was her spirit that led her lover through the storm, while in fact an unromantic sick pig was the cause of his finding his way back to her. Scandinavian stories are often filled with the mystic or superstitious elements, and Rosalie's faith borders on this characteristic.

"The Shepherdess and the Sheep"

One can understand the story of "The Shepherdess and the Sheep" well enough without knowing much of the author, but in order to fully appreciate the graceful little fairy tale a person should know something of Andersen.

Hans Christian Andersen began his autobiography with "My life is a lovely fairy tale, happy and full of incidents." His statement is true, for he seemed actually to live in the wondrous regions that he created. The prosaic facts of life had little meaning for him. Every incident in his career he regarded as a miracle. Those people who were good to him and praised his writings, he could never cease exalting. Those who criticized him and snubbed him, he called bad, and he had no ability to discriminate. When he visited a king it was as if a boy from one of his fairy tales were going into the royal court. Kings never lost their glamor for him.

To his dying day Andersen's innocence and unworldliness were inconceivable save to those who knew him intimately and realized that intellectually he would never mature.

All his life he wore his heart on his sleeve and called the world to see how sensitive and tender it was. He was as harmlessly vain as a small child. When he could be the center of attraction, he was supremely happy, but put him into the background and he planned ways of making people turn to look at him. "The Ugly Duckling" is his own story.

Yet, because of these very qualities Andersen was able to write his fairy tales that are so beautiful and so full of truth. In them he shows us how a child views the world. He gives his animals and inanimate objects words that seem essential to their characteristics. Even his darning needle speaks as a darning needle should.

Throughout his stories there runs a beautifully conceived moral, often the moral as a child would see it, and along with the moral goes a bit of delicate satire. The satire in his "The Emperor's New Clothes"—which every one should read once a year—is world wide in its application.

Andersen was as original in his style as he was in his themes. When a good story teller narrates an incident to children, he is quite apt to crow for the rooster and baa for the sheep. And Hans Christian Andersen does that very thing in print. His stories are told rather than written.

He was born at Odense on the island of Funen, April 2, 1805, with a poor shoemaker for a father and a woman of no great intellect for a mother. At the age of fourteen his parents started him off, a tall, awkward, ugly boy, to conquer the world by way of Copenhagen. At that time

Hans had no idea of his limitations. He tried to be an actor, a singer, a dancer, and failed ignobly at all. It was not until Jonas Collins, a director of the Royal Theatre, persuaded King Frederic, VI, to pay for the boy's education at the University that Hans began to find himself.

It is said of Hans Christian Andersen that "he was great in the little things and little in the great things" and that he "had a heart of gold, a tongue of silver, and the spine of a mollusk." But as a writer of fairy tales he has no equal and needs no apologies.

"The Shepherdess and the Sweep" is a typical Andersen fairy tale. The heroine is the same charming, undeveloped girl of almost all the fairy tales and the hero is the same gentle, handsome, and fearless young man, and their love is of the kind visualized by children. Stripped, the story is the old one of the hard parent who wished his only daughter to marry for money and position. The daughter, however, chose to fall in love with a penniless young man. She had courage enough to run away with him, but not courage enough to face the big, unkind world. She forced the young man back to the starting place, and weakly hoped that something would happen so that they could be married and still live within the protection of the little world she had known. That something happened, of course. The hard parent's vanity was hurt—hurt so badly that rather than disclose his little shame to the suitor he had chosen, he allowed the girl to remain with her lover.

The story is so perfect that one would not want to change a word nor an idea. It has all the charm and delicacy of a faintly tinted flower or a piece of filagree work, and it has about it the fragrance that goes with a delightful short story. It is interesting to note how well Andersen has identified his inanimate objects with their true characteristics. There is the old Chinese who preferred to stand either in silence or to sleep rather than to argue or exert himself and who was too proud to tell the world about the rivet in his back; the *potpourri-jar* with its sweetish sentimentality; and the china girl who was made of such fragile stuff that she could not live in the rough world.

Questions: "Henrik and Rosalie"

What situation furnishes the conflict for this story? What is the conflict?

Are you conscious of the changed point of view when you read the story?

In what ways were Henrik and Rosalie alike? How did they differ fundamentally?

What things definitely mark this as a Danish story? When the lovers were re-united, which one was first to recognize that the old ties might still exist. Why?

Why did Henrik conceal the reason for his chance coming to the country estate?

What incidents furnish the local color in this story? How many characters are clearly portrayed? Show that the author either knows or does not know how to portray character.

"The Shepherdess and the Sweep"

What are some of the ear marks of an Andersen fairy tale? Use this story as a basis for your answer.

Name other fairy tales written by Andersen. If possible have some member of the class relate briefly the story of "The Emperor's New Clothes."

It has been said that everything Andersen's fancy touched, it invested with life and beauty. Show how this is done in the story of the Shepherdess. To what objects does he give personification? What things in the story show that Andersen often had the viewpoint of a child?

Point out definite style marks.

Is there a moral to this story?

Which is the more important, the character element or the touch of fantasy?

State briefly the theme or underlying thought of the story.

Is the "Shepherdess and the Sweep" typically Danish, or is it world-wide in its application.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

PERSONALITY STUDY: PSYCHOLOGY AND PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT

(Based on Overstreet—*Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 1-41.)

In the June issue of the *Magazine* page 322 will be found a brief introduction to the coming season's lesson work in this department. We may here add that although we shall find our text of last year helpful again, the proposal is not another hasty skimming through that very interesting and stimulating book. Many have expressed a desire to master it more thoroughly—especially those parts that we tended most to slight last season. A sincere effort will be made to make a new and fresh approach to some of the phases of our general topic which are considered most helpful and practical as a basis for intelligent social service work. Also by trying to make the *Magazine* lessons rather easy and attractive it is hoped that an even wider circle of women and, perhaps, men too, will become actively interested in studying these lessons and in undertaking that most worthwhile of all jobs—the improving and enriching of their own lives. But let no one be deceived into thinking that the aims of this course of lessons can be accomplished by women coming together once a month merely to be entertained by some resourceful person in charge of the lesson presentation. We are glad that we have evidence that an increasing number of our members are equipping themselves individually with the printed lesson material, that they are quite willing to look up the occasional difficult word in a good dictionary, and that they are showing a most commendable earnestness in the somewhat difficult matter of increasing their personal efficiency.

It is our privilege in these lessons to become better acquainted with some of the findings of a comparatively new science which just now is attracting more than ordinary attention and interest among intelligent and progressive layman. This new science-psychology has come to deal more and more with matters of vital concern to everybody and fortunately there is an increasing disposition on the part of reputable psychologists themselves to write and speak in terms that are not very difficult for us all to understand. Where formerly the very term "psychology" tended to confuse, mystify and even frighten the average man, it is now quite generally understood as referring simply to that branch of science which deal

with mental life and behavior. Most of us have come to realize that we have already picked up a good deal about the facts and principles of mental activity and that we have long been making use of our understanding of human nature in the various relations of our daily lives. What we need is a more vivid realization of the fact that too much of our incidentally acquired knowledge of human nature is incomplete and even inaccurate.

One of the benefits of this course should be a more widespread ability to quickly recognize the marks of what we might call quack psychology. We shall not be so easily taken in by the strange mixtures of good common sense, high sounding big words and expensive bunk dispensed over the radio, in so-called free lectures and in "consultations" by a certain class of itinerant social parasites who generally succeed in getting themselves announced as "eminent psychologists". We shall not share with the superstitious and the uninformed a lot of pitifully naive notions about "will-power", "thought vibrations", "spiritual psychology", "character reading", "laws of success", "temperament analysis", "numerology", "the luck of chain letters", etc. We shall learn to check up just a little on these "renowned authorities" by looking up their scientific standing in such accounts as those given in *"American Men of Science", "Who's Who in America", and the American Psychological Association Year Book".* Even in using directories like these we shall need to learn to discriminate between those whose training has qualified them in psycholgy and those who may be especially trained in other specialized fields. We shall learn not to waste time with books or magazines with words like "psychology" and "psychological" in their titles if they can not be endorsed by the responsible people in charge of the psychology departments of our reputable colleges and universities.

Let us very briefly illustrate the need of taking precautions here such as we should take in obtaining the services of a competent optician or surgeon. Not very long ago a Salt Lake City newspaper gave an account of the apprehension in Nevada of an ex-minister of the Gospel who some weeks previously had been operating in Salt Lake City as a "psychologist" giving "free" matrimonial, vocational, and business advice. His first move was to get himself introduced before a local church congregation as a famous psychologist. In fact he gave one of his inspirational free lectures before a large audience in the church building with the approval and apparent gratitude of the resident minister. Soon he was "helping" credulous people place "sure thing" bets on horse races down in Texas. It later developed that he had gone on to greener pastures carrying with him hundreds of dollars belonging to the people he had so easily duped. Just yesterday the writer was told of how another quack psychologist had practically broken an otherwise happy home by his prying questions, his insinuating guesses and flattering comments made to an interested woman who had been tempted to make several appointments for private consultations with this unscrupulous all-knowing individual. An other so-called practical "psychologist" with apparently good sponsorship recently gave a free lecture in each of a number of the larger cities of the state in which he played the local business men against the outside mail order houses and made interesting and attractive promises of his ability to furnish the long

sought-for antedote in the shape of five short evening periods of instruction. The "course" was said to be suitable for "not only salesmen, but also physicians, dentists, lawyers, bankers, secretaries, teachers * * everyone * *". Although he seemed much opposed to our sending money out of the state and would have us stick to our home products yet he had us flocking to him in groups of 500 for wholesale "instruction" and paying our individual $10 contributions so that he was able to take thousands of dollars of our money with him out of the state in payment for his very brief services telling us amusing stories and giving the information and misinformation which incidentally went along with them. Almost every year this thing is repeated!

The hopeful thing is that so many of us are anxious to have our everyday psychology overhauled. The increasing number and improved reliability of the magazine articles on the subject is good evidence on this point. A recent list of the twelve non-fiction books in most demand in the public libraries of America included Menninger's, *The Human Mind,* and Dimnet's *The Art of Thinking.* Typical among the popular accounts of psychology which have come into the writer's hands during the last few months are Webb and Morgan's, *Strategy in Handling People* and Strecker and Appel's, *Discovering Ourselves, A View of the Human Mind and How it Works.* For still further evidence of this popular recognition of the value of psychology, the reader is asked to consider the first paragraph of the author's foreword in our text. Surely it will be well for us too, to glean from reliable sources whatever of psychology will help us to become more effective in what Overstreet calls the "supreme art."

In practically all of this widespread interest in psychology, we see evidences that what we really want to know about is *personality.* We want to be able to understand and control human behavior as exhibited in our neighbors and associates. We also want to better understand ourselves and, if possible, to develop more attractive personal qualities. Two very inadequate notions of personality are still somewhat common. One stresses heredity and a rather hopeless general attitude. It is an arbitrary "gift of the gods"—a wholly mysterious something over which we have no control. The other puts almost the entire emphasis upon mere external and physical accessories—such things as stylish clothing, eye lashes, grooming, cosmetics, jewelry, etc. The reader will find it both amusing and instructive to inquire just what is meant when people speak so glibly about this or that individual having such or such personality or about yet others whom, they say, have no personality at all. Too often you will find highly perfumed snobs, flattering sycophants, or people with mere oily manners, spoken of with approval and envy as actually having splendid, sparkling, or winsome personalities. This course of lessons should help rid us of any such vague or trivial notions of this frequently used term.

We shall do well not to become over-impressed by mere propaganda which emphasizes heredity too much and environment too little. Perhaps we shall never fully understand just the relative importance of heredity on the one hand and environment on the other. However we can insist that the problem should not be unduly simplified, that the available facts be carefully analyzed, and that our con-

usions be drawn with a sufficient nount of caution. As to the biolog-al or physical inheritance of mental id personality traits our conclu-ons at the present time should not e too hastily drawn. The frequently ioted Jukes-Edwards Kallikak "ev-lence" has recently been so much scredited that the latest edition of ie Encyclopedia Britannica does ot even so much as mention it in its blendid articles on "Heredity", Eugenics", and "Mendelism." E. . Conklin well expresses a sane iodern attitude on this problem in h article from which the following a brief quotation:

"Particularly in the study of the evelopment of mental and moral raits there is great need of caution gainst over-simplification. The web f hereditary, environmental and ed-cational causes is so intricate that is often impossible to decide whether a given trait is inherited or ot, and it is usually impossible to redict what the character of off-pring will be. * * * Undoubtedly he factors or causes of all kinds of evelopment are found in heredity nd environment, but with regard to he development of the most com-lex thing in all the world, viz., hu-nan personality, we are as children n the morning of time."

Educators are recognizing that heirs is primarily the task of pass-ng on to the child the great "spir-tual possessions of the race", the nstitutions of civilization, or what nas been called our "Social He-redity."

Personality is largely a matter of nabit systems that have developed as t result of the experiences and the raining through which we have passed, especially those of our early childhood. Carr says it "comprises ll those traits and characteristics hat make or mar our efficiency in getting along with people, such as our courtesy, persuasiveness, deter-mination, adaptability, self-confi-dence, attractiveness, etc." If we have not allowed ourselves to become too set in our ways then our person-alities are still in the making. To deal effectively with such a complex thing as personality we had better not try to handle it all at once, but rather a small part at a time. It is being emphasized by competent psychologists that very significant and lasting personality traits are formed during infancy and that the chances that some of them will later be greatly modified during this life are very slight. Other traits are not so firmly fixed and it behooves us to improve many of them and to keep ourselves plastic and teachable as long as possible. The ideal of Lat-ter-day Saints is to preserve the meek or teachable attitude through-out eternity. We should never al-low our personalities to shrivel up or to cease to grow.

When we really come to appre-ciate what the term, "personality" means as defined in modern psycho-logical and philosophical discussions, we shall not wonder at those writers who say that "persons, not things, represent the only true values," or that "the ultimate test or measure of the worth of an institution is the kind of personality it tends to pro-duce."

PROBLEMS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Consider carefully what to you was the most valuable thing learned in these lessons during the last sea-son's work. Write it out briefly and come prepared to read your state-ment to the other members. What is your special interest in this course for the present season?

2. Most students develop the habit of marking their individually

owned books both as an aid in the mastery and as a convenient means disadvantages of too much underlining? Explain just how to use a better device—that of using one or more vertical lines in the outside margins of your text. (See *Magazine* for Augest, 1930, page 459.)

3. Try to give a clear explanation of just what is meant by the term, "psychology." How is common-sense psychology to be distinguished from scientific psychology? What are some of the common uses and abuses of psychology? (A supplementary reference that will be found helpful on this problem is Poulson's *Human Nature in Religious Education,* the Teacher Training text for 1927-28, pp. 1-3.)

4. Why do modern psychologists avoid listing a group of human instincts as a basis for their discussions of personality? They tend to stress social heredity rather than biological or physical heredity. What are some of the advantages of this newer attitude? (Supplementary help may be found in Poulson's *Human Nature,* pp. 8-12, 160-161.)

5. What are some of the unsatisfactory notions extant as to the nature of personality? Explain as nearly as you can what is meant by personality in the best sense of the word. Think of a few of the truly great personalities that you know most about and mention several of their essential and outstanding personal traits. To what extent do the following expressions describe these same individuals: (a) suave, (b) oily-mannered, (c) tolerant, (d) radical, (e) conservative, (f) fond of fashionable clothes, (g) aggressive, (h) one of the socially elite, (i) humble, (j) cheerful, (k) diffident, (l) courageous, (m) serious, and (n) candid. (A good dictionary may well be used in connection with this problem.)

6. Find these phrases in the first twenty pages of our text and comment briefly on each: "our chief task in life," "what modern psychology has to offer," "sincere but blundering," "who is it that wins?," "one of the chief ingredients of attractiveness," "ways far more subtle than we suspect," "A wiser canvasser rings the doorbell."

7. Give an original illustration of two of the "challenge" techniques. What are its advantages. Tell of some interesting psychological observations which you have made since reading the first paragraph on page 26 of the text. Elaborate as well as you can, upon Overstreet's statement that "a father ought to induce his children to want to do what he wishes them to do."

8. Make a list of ten or a dozen fundamental human wants and comment upon the extent to which each has probably been acquired by the individual because of his experiences.

9. Let some member of the group prepare to read the first speech of Hotspur in Act I, Scene III of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth* Part I. Comment briefly on the two different personalities that are contrasted in this speech.

Mysteries the Canyon Conceals

By Annie Tanner

HAVE you ever sat on a davenport in a cliff dweller's home? If you have not, en you cannot appreciate the magic rill experienced by Ali Baba when said, "Open Sesame," and the dden door yawned open before im.

All day I had been watching the

Beckwith

INDIAN WRITINGS ON CLIFFS OF UTAH

hifting shadows, and their tie and iye effect on the colors of Lady Mountain. At last the time for our hike came, and the park naturalist guided us across the rocking suspension bridge and up one of the many well built trails in "Zion National Park."

Soon we were passing through the different vegetations as we climbed from one life zone to another. Just as I was getting a wee bit shaky the naturalist said, "Do you see that picture writing high up on that cliff?"

There, on a broad, bare cliff we could see the queer figures that make up the writing of an ancient people. We were very curious to know what these crude drawings meant, and asked our guide who told us, laughing as he did so, that in the language of the modern Utahn, this picture writing said, "This is the place." It was the place. Our climbing soon took us around a sharp turn, and there under an overhanging cliff, was the home of the cliff dweller.

Gratefully I sat down on a huge rock, much the same shape as our davenports of today. As I sat there, I thought, "This must have been exactly where Mr. Cliff Dweller sat after a weary day's chase for rabbits on the lower floor of the canyon, or where Mrs. Cliff Dweller eased her tired body after climbing the steep mountain walls for haws or elder-berries."

"So this is the cliff dweller's home," I said, "I never thought I should sit in such a home and gaze down on a modern and picturesque lodge so recently built on the old

hunting grounds of prehistoric man."

There below me, at the foot of this magnificent mountain, were the results of the intellectual and physical powers of civilized man. Here by me were the crude walls that made the shelter for men who lived before the dawn of history. Just over my head were the black smoke stains, still very easily seen. Under the sand at my feet were the ashes of his last fire. The passing centuries had failed to obliterate these traces of his life.

Under a rock in the corner were pieces of yucca fashioned for a sandal and over there on the floor was a chipped flint, its shape telling us that it was an arrow-head half made.

The large hollowed-out stone on its rock shelf relates its own story of the laborious task of grinding corn.

All these mute witnesses told us the story of the cliff dweller; but who could tell us what strange events took him from his home in the cliffs? Did famine wipe out the entire family? Did they grow venturesome and go down the canyon on an exploring trip and meet the enemy they had guarded against for years or did some more terrible catastrophe take them away from these glorious cliffs of safety?

If Mr. Cliff Dweller could just step for a few minutes from his "Happy Hunting Grounds" what a wonderful tale he might tell us!

A Grandmother's Lament

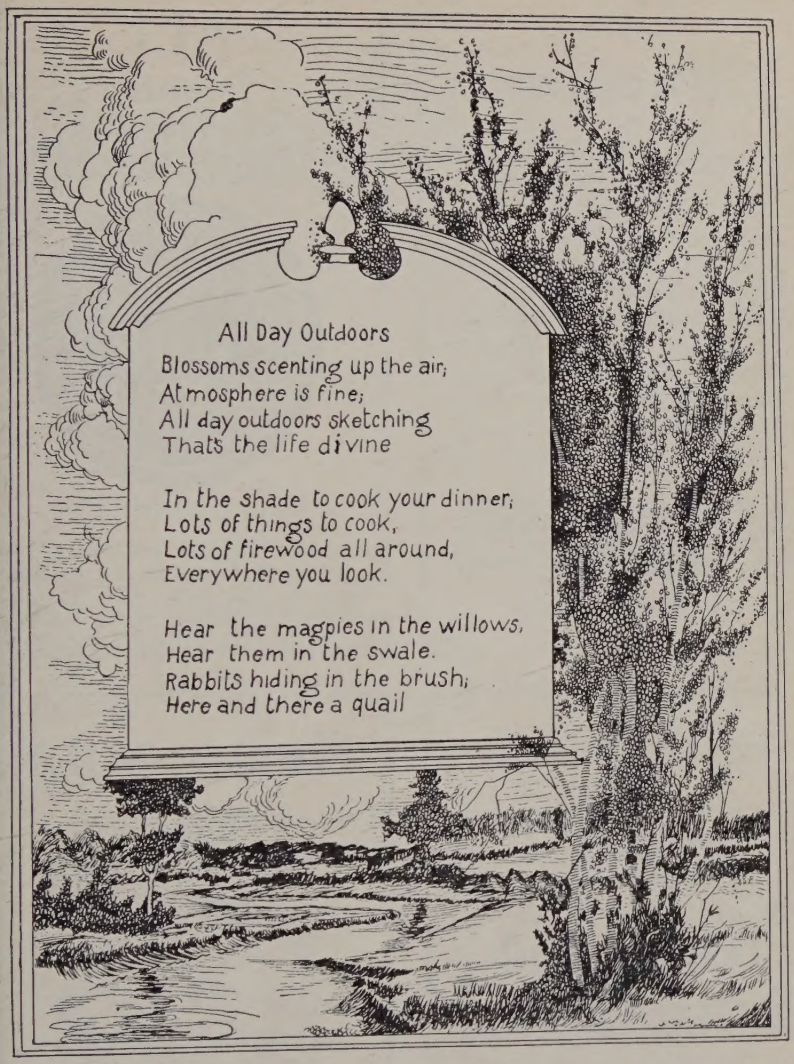
By Susan Ray

Grandmother has a lonely time
This modern scientific day
She is no longer oracle
The doctor has the only say.

She must not take the baby up
No well-trained child is spoiled that way
To cry a little make strong lungs
At least that's what the mothers say.

No rocking chair, with soothing rhythm
No lullabies with sweet refrain
No kissing hour, germs lurk around
No baby talk, it is inane.

She often thinks she'll steal a kiss
From baby's chubby rosy toes.
But that might give him athlete's foot.
Oh dear, the way this sad world goes!


All Day Outdoors
Blossoms scenting up the air;
Atmosphere is fine;
All day outdoors sketching
Thats the life divine
In the shade to cook your dinner;
Lots of things to cook,
Lots of firewood all around,
Everywhere you look.
Hear the magpies in the willows,
Hear them in the swale.
Rabbits hiding in the brush;
Here and there a quail

Harry Neilson, artist and poet, author of the above sketch, is a recluse or hermit living alone in a rock hut near Orangeville, Utah.

Mr. Neilson spends most of his time with his pens, inks, and water colors and has accumulated hundred of sketches and drawings. Some of his water-color sketches of flowers are exquisite. He had also made and decorated many Christmas and holiday cards.

Among his pen drawings are fine sketches of animals especially of chickens, ducks, geese, and other domesticated animal.

This drawing was obtained by H. R. Merrill during a visit to Mr. Neilson early in February.

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